

The TATLER

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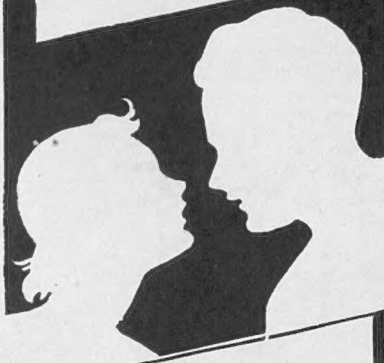
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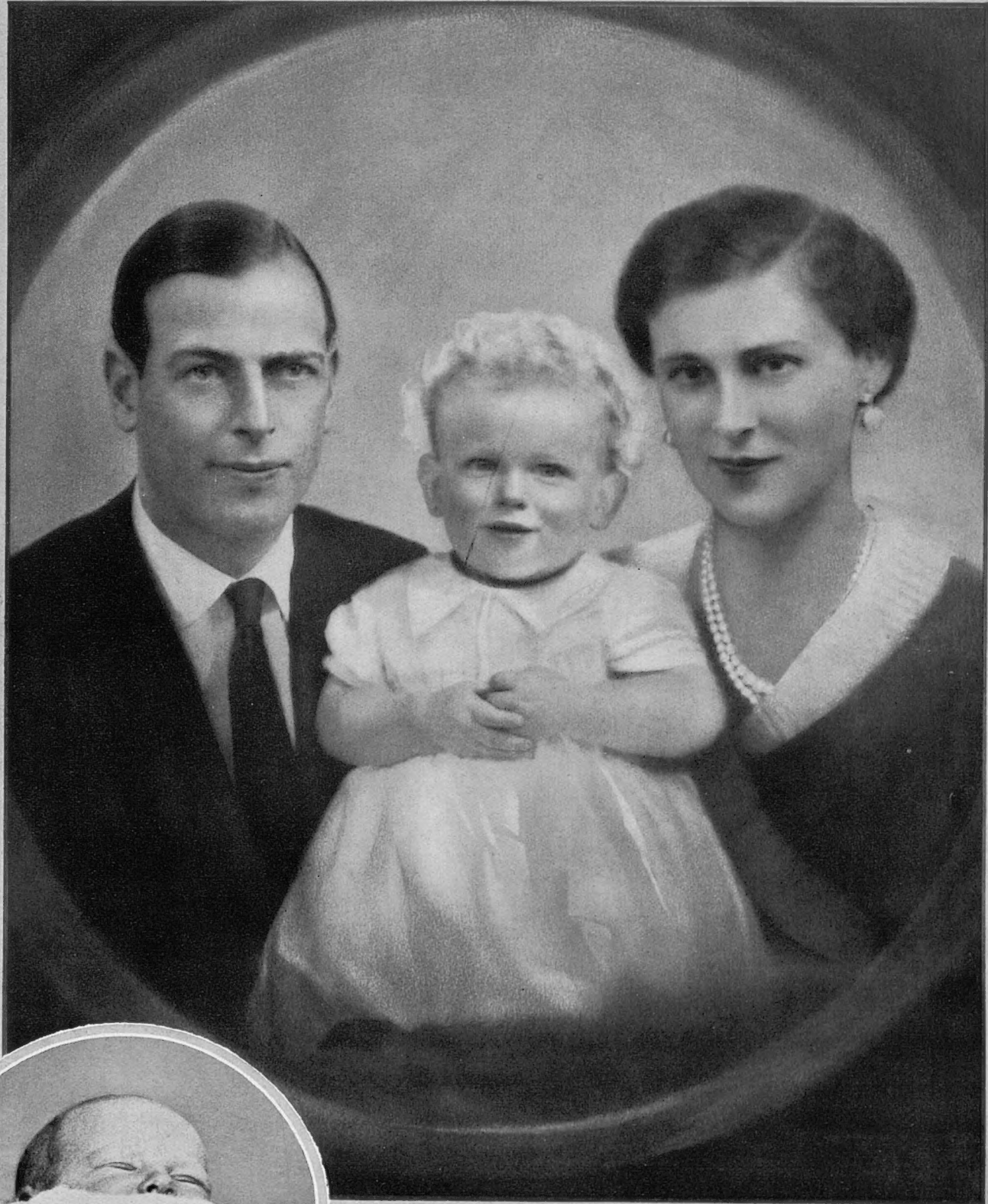
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The TATTLER

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THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT AND FAMILY

The above delightful portrait study of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Kent and their son was taken not very long before the welcome arrival of Prince Edward's baby sister. The little Princess herself met the camera last week, and the result of this encounter is seen on the left; she will be five weeks old on Friday next (January 29)



A RECENT COVERT SHOOT AT PENN HOUSE

Not long ago Viscount Curzon, only son of Earl Howe, had a shooting party at the family place in Buckinghamshire. His sister, Lady Georgiana Kidston, and his wife's parents, Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall, will be found in this group

Included behind are Lord Curzon, Mr. Ronald Simcox, Mr. Iain Murray (who married Miss Angela du Boulay), Lady Curzon, Sir Lionel Halsey, Lady Georgiana Kidston, Mr. Henry Tiarks, Mr. and Mrs. Abel Smith and Admiral Bromley. In front are included Lady Weigall, Mrs. Henry Tiarks (Joan Barry), Lady Dawson of Penn, Lady Halsey, Mrs. Bromley and Sir Archibald Weigall

"Now what I want is Facts. Facts alone are wanted in Life."—CHARLES DICKENS.

AND that is precisely what no man can obtain, for life is a mixture of emotion, illusion, and disillusion, and no one can make a sum of them and add it up.

Beauty?—there's no accounting for the taste of man, but one woman can sway an Empire, or launch a thousand ships.

Love?—well, there's the wonder of the universe to be found in it but little sense.

Happiness?—all men are seeking it, and not one has a logical formula for its achievement.

So facts may be wanted, but they cannot be found. Even Death is the unknown factor!

Parliament is sitting again. One can't help wondering what the Session holds for us members of the general public.

There is that persistent rumour of a rise in income tax! If it does come no doubt we shall all loyally make the "best of it," but it is a horrid thought, nevertheless.

But setting aside all thoughts of income tax, the new police politeness towards motorists, and the opinions (sharply divided) about those stands along the Mall and in Hyde Park, let us turn our attention to the Coronation.

The actual ceremony is not until May, but already we are offered "Coronation" materials for clothes, sherry and other drinks in bottles shaped like crowns, and seats to view the procession at prices ranging from eight to twenty-five guineas, with lunch and

PANORAMA

breakfast included, to standing room from a couple of guineas upwards.

One glance at the official Coronation diary is enough to make us sympathise with the King and Queen, for all their time from the beginning of May until the third week in June will be spent fulfilling "duty" engagements.

The Court Ball, of which I wrote last week, will now, it has been decided, be held on the 14th of May. Queen Mary's birthday is on May 26, and this important date will also, it is announced, be celebrated by a Ball.

However, we shall all be able to celebrate the Coronation by dancing in the Albert Hall on May 13th if we feel like it. That is the date fixed for the Coronation Ball, proceeds from which will go to establish a National Theatre for the people.

At the time of the Coronation of King George V more than forty foreign royalties and other important guests at the Coronation came to the Albert Hall Ball. Well-known hostesses arranged representations of Shakespeare's plays. Sir Edwin Lutyens designed the Mediæval Italian garden setting.

The 1937 Coronation Ball at the Albert Hall is not likely to be less spectacular. Modern electrical devices will probably help—guests apart—to make it a far more brilliant ball than its predecessor of twenty-six years ago.

The Grand National with the King and Queen among the spectators will be more than usually interesting this year. King George VI having decided to continue his father's racing establishment is evidently



GLEE FOR THREE

Here are Lady Inchcape and her children, evidently thoroughly appreciating each other's society. The Hon. Simon Mackay is nearly three, but Lady Rosemary Mackay won't reach the six months' mark till May. Lady Inchcape, the former Miss Leonora Brooke, is the Rajah and Ranee of Sarawak's eldest daughter

determined to take a real interest in racing. I can't remember him as having been a spectator at Aintree before. On more than one occasion during his father's lifetime he was due to be present, but circumstances led to a last moment alteration of plans. King George was more than once the guest of Lord Derby at Knowsley, where the King and Queen will stay this year, but since the death of their daughter, Lady Victoria Bullock, who was killed in the hunting field in the winter of 1927, the Derbys have entertained very little for the "National." It is only within the last two or three years that they have had small family parties at Knowsley for the great 'chase.

King George VI, in seeing the race for the first time as the guest of Lord Derby, is following the example of his father. In 1910 King George V, then Prince of Wales, saw the race for the first time as a member of the Knowsley house-party.

Knowsley has often had royal guests. Honours for making the most extensive and elaborate preparations for them go to the first Earl of Derby, who pulled down and rebuilt the whole house in order to receive King Henry VII in a fit and proper manner! But alas! very little of that building is left to-day. The greater part of Knowsley was rebuilt in the reign of Queen Anne. The loveliest bit is the West Front.

There is only one other private house where the royal suite can be compared with the one Lord Derby will place at the disposal of the King and Queen—that is Goodwood, Sussex, home of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon—where, no doubt, their Majesties will be guests towards the end of July.

The rooms of the royal suite at Knowsley are hung with priceless tapestries and each bit of furniture is a "show" piece, and as the house stands on high ground there are fine views of the surrounding country from the windows.

* * *

Circumstances have forced the Duke of Gloucester to give up all ideas of an active military career. That is a bit of bad luck, and everyone, and especially his fellow officers (with whom he is very popular) will sympathise with the Duke's disappointment. The Duke's ambition was to command his regiment, the 10th Hussars, and competent mili-

tary opinion is that he would have made an excellent and most efficient C.O.

Since the accession of George VI, plans have had to be revised. It was necessary that the Duke's time and services should be at the disposal of the King. By seniority he occupies much



Clapperton
WITH THE BUCCLEUCH: LADY BURGHLEY AND MRS. ROBERTSON

Lady Burghley was having a day with the family pack when this snapshot was taken at Makerstoun, as she is a sister of the Duke of Buccleuch, the Master, and also a sister of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester. There may be many countries and packs of hounds as good as the Buccleuch, but not many better

the same position as the Prince of Wales would do. It was at first hoped that it might be possible for him to carry on his military career side by side with his State duties, but, unluckily, it simply can't be done.

However, "it's an ill wind"—for in consequence we shall see more and hear more of that very attractive little lady the Duchess of Gloucester. Everyone who knows her loves and admires her, and she has already gained a secure position in the hearts of the British people.

* * *

The most important wedding outside "Royal" functions is that of the Duke of Norfolk and Miss Lavinia Strutt to-day.

The Duke is Earl Marshal, as well as premier Duke. He figures so prominently in State ceremonies, including the Coronation service, this year, that it seems a pity he will not be seen in his ceremonial dress at his own wedding. But the bride has chosen his racing colours, pale blue and scarlet, as the "theme" for the suits and dresses of her six pages and six bridesmaids.

Lord Belper is booked to give his daughter away; her stepfather, Lord Rosebery, is lending 33, Berkeley Square, one of the comparatively few private houses left there, for the reception. As head of the most important Roman Catholic family in England the Duke's marriage to a Protestant presented some difficulties. Tactful Dr. Peter Amigo, Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark, managed to smooth them away.

Miss Strutt is having instruction in her husband's religion, but without any pledge to adopt it. She will make up her mind later.

I can never write of the Brompton Oratory without remembering the huge crowd which waited outside for a glimpse of the

(Continued overleaf)



A SCOTTISH WEDDING

Captain James Stirling-Home-Drummond-Moray, Scots Guards, and his bride, the former Miss Jeanetta Montagu-Douglas-Scott, Lord George Scott's twin daughter, leaving Holy Trinity, Melrose, after their wedding, at which Scots Guards N.C.O.s provided a guard of honour. The bridegroom is the elder son of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Stirling-Home-Drummond-Moray, of Abercairny



LORD AND LADY INCHQUIN

Elwin Neame

The head of the vast and venerable O'Brien clan and his attractive wife sit for their portraits at their London house in Upper George Street. Lord Inchiquin, who used to be in the Rifle Brigade, married the Hon. Anne Thesiger in 1921, after being A.D.C. to her father, the late Lord Chelmsford, when he was Viceroy of India

PANORAMA—continued

loveliest bride ever married there—Margaret Whigham. To-day she also is in the news in achieving a charitable record. She undertook to sell out the première of *Beloved Enemy*, Merle Oberon's new film, in eight days!! As I am writing, only three of the eight days have passed, but Mrs. Charles Sweeny has already personally collected £825. So, if her committee are as active as she is, the London Society for teaching and training the Blind should receive a very substantial sum.

The tall, good-looking Duchess of Westminster is vice-chairman of this appeal. She is being very actively charitable lately and was one of the guests at the Duchess of Roxburghe's luncheon party last week, given to discuss the Cochran Coronation Revue Gala in aid of Queen Charlotte's. The hostess, just back from Floors Castle, is busy settling into a new house in Regent's Park, and she had hoped to give her party there, but, like many other people, she has found a move takes far longer than is ever anticipated, so Lady Howard de Walden lent her Seaford House for the occasion.

To-night a most interesting party will be given at Claridge's by Lady Chamberlain, Lady Cahn, and Madame Norman Bohn, at which the guests are invited to meet the Paris members of the Gardenia Club. An illuminated model of the Eiffel Tower will surmount the band platform, which will be decorated in flowers of the national colours of England and France. The Gardenia Club was started eighteen months ago by a number of young French aristocrats who have set out to prove that elegance, wit, and artistry are not dead in the present-day hustle and bustle, but only need reviving.

Parties have been given most successfully at Paris and at Cannes; members of the Club have visited Italy and Belgium and have furthermore been entrusted with the hospitality and social side of the Paris Exhibition to be opened next May. This is their first visit to England, and among the many distinguished members coming to the Ball at Claridge's are Prince Armand d'Arenberg, the Marquis de Frayseix, Baron Fred de Cabrol, and Comte and Comtesse Roland de Leusse.

The dinner hostesses who will entertain before the Ball include Lady Bessborough, who is herself a Parisian, that indefatigable hostess Lady Portarlington, and artistic Lady Gainsborough.

The attractive young Cooch Behar Princesses, chaperoned by an Austrian Baroness, are among Sils-Maria's keenest

skaters, while another decorative pair of skating sisters are Florence and Evelyn, the daughters of Lady Eaton, who has been deservedly described as "queen" of Toronto society.

Fair-haired Lady Joan Rufus-Isaacs has been out at Sils with her mother, Lady Reading, and Lady Congleton has taken her family of seven out for the holidays. School, however, has re-opened, and pupils are returning every day with their parents. Among these are thirteen-year-old Patricia Mountbatten, who had two weeks at Davos with her father and mother, and Christopher Wells, the attractive son of Mrs. Everard Gates.

* * *

It was lucky that the first night of O.H.M.S. at the Tivoli was an occasion for "mufti," or those of us in the dress circle wouldn't have been able to see the picture for brass hats! The Army Council and big noises at the "War House" were well represented, headed

by Mr. Duff Cooper, Secretary of State for War. His party included Mrs. James Beck, looking almost like a debutante, with camelias in her hair, and Lord and Lady O'Neill.

Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Field-Marshal Sir Cyril Deverell and his wife, were sitting near Sir Harry and Lady Knox. Sir Harry is Adjutant-General and, like Sir Cyril Deverell, is a member of the Army Council.

O.H.M.S. isn't entirely a propaganda film, though the War Office did lend troops to take part. Soldiers—as you can guess from the title—figure prominently in the film, but there's a love interest, as no film would be complete without it. "Damned good" was the criticism most frequently repeated on the first night, and so it was! And if it hadn't been for the remarks of an enthusiastic junior seated in the row exactly behind, I'd never have guessed that some of the most exciting episodes were filmed no farther from Whitehall than the Great West Road!

* * *

A concert in aid of the Personal Service League will be held at Glemham Hall, Suffolk, the home of Capt. and Lady Blanche Cobbold, on February 8. The two celebrated artists who are giving their services are Benno Moiseiwitsch and Mischel Cherniavsky. Both these artists are shortly leaving for concert tours, in South America and South Africa respectively.

This concert—which is an annual affair—is being arranged by Cherniavsky, who has an estate in Suffolk.

* * *

Lady Allendale's Pay Party, to be given at 144, Piccadilly, on February 4, promises well. Starting at 9.45 p.m., it is to help the funds of the Invalid Children's Aid Association, and tickets (7s. 6d.) ensure food, a chair, and lots of fun. Miss Macharg, 117, Piccadilly, supplies them.



THE PRINCE REGENT AND PRINCESS PAUL OF YUGOSLAVIA

This hitherto unpublished portrait of T.R.H. Prince and Princess Paul of Yugoslavia gives evidence of the strong family likeness which exists between the Princess and her younger sister, the Duchess of Kent. The Prince Regent and his wife are quite often in England. During their last visit they chose a school for their younger son



A CRESTA RIDER

Mr. Derek Moore-Brabazon protectively padded for Curzon Cup purposes at St. Moritz. He is a son of the famous "Brab"—Lt.-Col. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, politician, yachtsman, motorist and aviator

AT THE "ERNTE" FILM PREMIÈRE



MR. R. HOLLAND AND THE INFANTA MARIA
CHRISTINA AT THE ACADEMY CINEMA



THE DUKE OF NORFOLK, THE HON. LAVINIA STRUTT
AND LADY ROSEBERY



LORD AND LADY GAGE ARRIVING
AT THE THEATRE



LADY OXFORD AND ASQUITH,
MISS GRACE CAMPBELL AND
THE PRINCESS BIBESCO



SIR KINGSLEY AND
LADY WOOD

The new film, *Ernte* ("Harvest"), being of Hungarian origin, it was only to be expected that H.E. the Austrian Minister, Baron Georg Franckenstein, would lend the première at the Academy Cinema in Oxford Street the light of his countenance, and as the story, a slightly new variant of the triangle theme, is a good one, London Society *en bloc* followed his lead. The Minister of Health and his lady wife were amongst its patrons, and so also was the Minister who tries to keep people from being run over, Mr. Hore-Belisha. The much-photographed Duke of Norfolk and his lovely young bride of to-day did not manage to escape the camera; neither did that very popular lady, his future mother-in-law, Lady Rosebery, at whose town house the wedding reception is being held this afternoon. Some other pictures relating to the wedding are on pp. 150 and 151 in this issue. In the film, Paula Wessely and her husband, Attila Horbiger, are the leads with a most attractive young actress, Gina Falckenberg, as the other lady in this triangular contest.

(On right) MR. AND MRS. P. CLIVE
AND MR. R. HOLLAND



THE CINEMA

Taking a Chance
By JAMES AGATE

THE cinema's way of advertising its wares is wildly beyond my understanding. Say you want to know what is on at your favourite house and take up the newspaper to find out. What happens? One of two things. Either your particular cinema gives itself so much space, amounting sometimes to half a page, and type so large that you are unable to find it at all. Or else so little, both space and type, that it is undiscoverable amid a long list of the innumerable cinemas of Greater London. Say, too, that you discover your cinema's advertisement, and next want to know what time the major film begins. For some esoteric reason which I have never been able to fathom, most cinemas are chary and coy about revealing this secret. Many of them nowadays give a list of hours, but, unless you take pains to make sure, you will find, as likely as not, that these stipulated hours indicate when the *whole programme* starts, or when the whole programme ends, or anything except when the major film begins. The newspaper being thoroughly muddling or misleading, one's obvious course, if one is determined to go to the cinema, is next to ring up its box-office. I may be singularly unlucky in this respect, but it is the truth that when I do this the voice at the other end is nearly always an infuriating mixture of uncertainty and indignation!

So often have I been maddened and misinformed in these particular ways that the other day I thought I should take a chance and just walk into a cinema without consulting any time-table. The place was the Regal, and the time I chose could not have been more unfortunate if I had previously telephoned to find out when the major film did *not* begin. Truth to tell, the Regal is one of those few efficiently run cinemas whose films begin as announced. Anyhow, I walked in from Marble Arch at three o'clock sharp, and was immediately plunged into a most perplexing imbroglio. A handsome young doctor called Blake, surrounded by all the attributes and paraphernalia of a fashionable surgeon, was interviewing a pug-faced, platinum-haired gangster's moll. The gentleman was punctiliously polite, but I had hardly sat down before the lady demanded a large sum of money in thousand-buck notes from the surgeon, otherwise she would tell the world that he was Slick Rawley. Dr. Blake managed to get rid of this nuisance, and then asked his pretty secretary to send in his chauffeur, a guy with a tough profile and the name of Gloves. Dr. Blake informed Gloves that he had just been mistaken for one Slick Rawley, and could he inform his master who that was. Gloves said that Slick was a guy he used to knock around with years before till he "done in" a copper or something in that line. Next we saw the moll trying to get thousands of bucks from a police-inspector because she had found her old friend Slick and was eager to sell him and divulge his whereabouts. The police-inspector was at first sceptical, but by a ruse he took the doctor's fingerprints and found them to be indeed identical with the missing murderer's. The doctor was charged, found guilty, and then pardoned because of elaborate circumstances explained in all that stretch of the film I had missed through being either half-an-hour early or an hour late. Anyhow, Mr. Ralph Bellamy's performance as the doctor, and that of the first-class unnamed actor who played Gloves, were so good that I determined to remain through the entire programme in order to see how these very curious events came about.

It was a pleasure to wait and see, for it was a varied and

excellent programme. Among the shorts was an excellent solo performance by one of the wittiest of living dramatic critics, Mr. Robert Benchley, pretending to be an American election candidate making his first speech and getting his notes beautifully mixed. There followed at long last the major film called *Manhattan Madness*, and described in the programme as follows: "Two loose-brained lovers on a mirth-and-matrimony hunt in the maddest town on earth! They lunch on beans—dine on champagne—solve a murder—and settle on marriage. The craziest cataclysm of chuckles since Mr. Deeds played the tuba!" Whoever penned this epitome is one of the world's champion misleaders, and should be given a post at the head of all film-advertisement arrangers. *Manhattan Madness* is not faintly like the Mr. Deeds film, and is not about two loose-brained lovers. It is about an astute and brilliant crime-reporter and an opportunist little actress, the two being played by Mr. Joel McCrea, admirably fulfilling a Spencer Tracy part, and Miss Jean Arthur, no less admirably fulfilling a Jean Arthur one. This is one

of those films that are delightful and exciting while you look at them, but that begin to be preposterous nonsense the moment you begin to grope for your hat. At least I cannot now see how burglars hoped to get away with blasting a bank safe just because there was a war-play full of explosion effects going on in the theatre next door. The theatre manager, you see, was the leader of a gang of jewel thieves, and it was our crime-reporter's business in life to predict this gang's activities and even to have news of each fresh burglary set up in type before it was committed! No business can be quite intolerable into which Mr. McCrea pokes his Irish nose, and indeed it is his creation of a character—a conceited, bragging, thrasonical fellow, not too sentimental in his not too frequent love-making—which makes the film a little unusual and wholly likeable. There comes a time when this reporter successfully pretends to have gone mad, wanders about the stage setting for No Man's Land pocketing dust, fails to recognise his sweetie, and is sent off to the mountains by the alarmed theatre manager. Here I found myself thinking not so much of Mr. Deed's tuba as of Hamlet's:—

"Foul deeds will rise,

Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes."

But don't let Mr. McCrea run away

with the idea that I want to see his Hamlet any more than I want to see Miss Arthur's Ophelia. No, by Saint Patrick!

These things concluded, *The Man Who Lived Twice* came round again, and I saw a pretty little design for living in an attic, the participants being my old friends, the chauffeur and his moll together with the much-mentioned Slick, who was a scowling rogue of such murderous aspect that he made Gloves look comparatively refined.

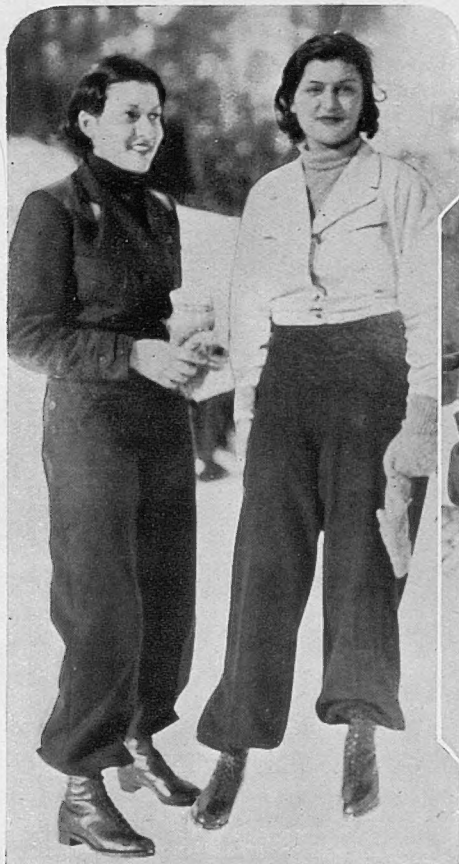
It soon became quite clear that Dr. Blake of the second half was indeed Slick of the first, but that a few moments before my entrance an old surgeon of unheard-of brilliance had given him a new face, a new character, and a new set of brains so that he could become a surgeon himself and forget all about his murky past. The one thing not made clear was why he could not have been given a new voice as well. But in that case he would have gone unrecognised to posterity, and there would have been no film. It only remains to warn Mr. Bellamy that his habit of doing some good acting continually stands in the way of his becoming a popular star.



STAR OF "THE GREAT BARRIER": LILLI PALMER

Her Majesty Queen Mary has graciously promised to attend the première of *The Great Barrier*, Gaumont-British's picture of the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which will be at the Gaumont on February 4. Lilli Palmer plays opposite Richard Arlen in this film

STRAIGHT OFF THE ICE —AND SNOW



AT SILS MARIA. THE PRINCESS
GAYITRY AND THE PRINCESS
MENAKA OF COOCH BEHAR



ST. MORITZ: M. ROBERT GAUTIER, MME. RIOTTO
AND H.S.H. PRINCE CHARLES D'ARENBERG



AT PONTRESINA:
MR. AND MRS.
JOCK HANBURY



MAJOR AND LADY ALEXANDRA
METCALFE AT KITZBÜHEL

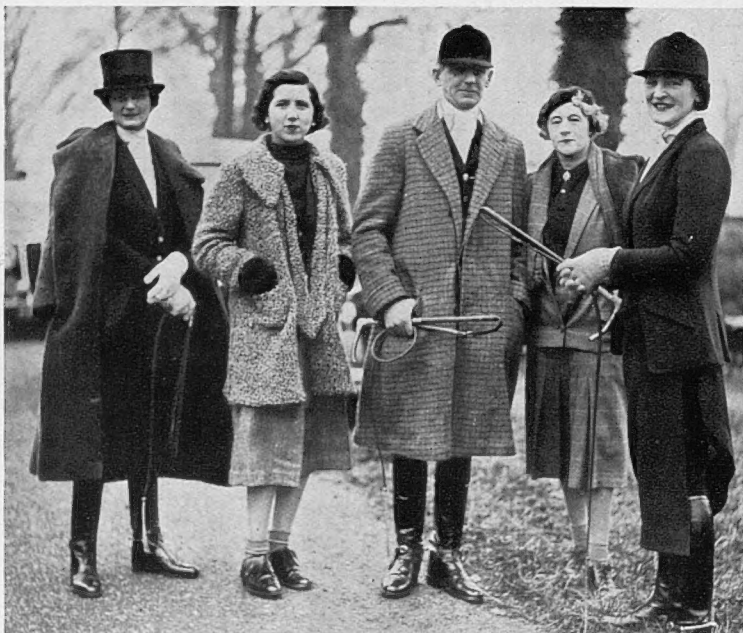


AT ZURS: MRS. VICTOR CAVENDISH-
BENTINCK AND HER CHILDREN



ALSO: MR. AND MRS. JOCK
MAXWELL-MACDONALD

Judging from all information received and from the smiling countenances of the people in these pictures, the winter sporters are having the time of their lives no matter which spot they have selected for their activities. The two little Cooch Behar Princesses are at a finishing school in Switzerland. Their mother is the beautiful Princess of Baroda, and their father, the late Maharajah, will always be remembered by Etonians of his day as "Hitty." Mme. Riotto, who is with Prince Charles D'Arenberg and M. Gautier in the St. Moritz snapshot, is well known in Mayfair. H.S.H. the Prince's family dates back 1,000 years. His mother is a daughter of the Duc de Gramont. Mr. and Mrs. Jock Hanbury, who are rated the best-looking young couple in London Society, have been showing most of them the way round on the ice at Pontresina. They are also both keen aeronauts. Major "Fruity" Metcalfe, who is seen at Kitzbühel with his attractive wife, is relieving Commander Lambe as Equerry to H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor. Mrs. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck and her son and daughter, Billy and Mary Jane, are at Zurs, one of the new ski-ing places in the Vorarlberg. Her husband, who is a kinsman of the Duke of Portland, used to be in the Grenadiers and is now in the Diplomatic Service. Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell-Macdonald are also patronising Zurs, and had just got out of the sleigh which brought them up the Flexen Pass when the camera opened fire. Mrs. Maxwell-Macdonald is the only daughter of Sir John and Lady Stirling-Maxwell, of Pollok House, Renfrewshire.



WELL-KNOWN WITH THE COTTESMORE
AT BARLEYTHORPE

Left to right in this picture are Mrs. Maurice Kingscote, Miss Crista de Paravicini, Captain Maurice Kingscote, present Master of the Atherstone South and future Master of the Meynell, Mrs. Chandos de Paravicini and Miss Joyce Kingscote, Captain Kingscote's daughter

From the Warwickshire

Last Monday's meet at Hanwell gave a good hunt from the Gorse, the first twenty minutes of which was really fast, hounds racing up and down the hills first to Shotteswell and then past Pages Gorse and Whites Bushes—over the brook and back again short, only to own defeat near Rutley village. A good gallop this with a point of four and a half miles. Mr. Parry's hounds also had a good day from Temple Grafton, being sped on their way well cheered by Mrs. Lonsdale's hospitality. The rest of the week has been decidedly uneventful, weather muggy and mild and scent again more than indifferent. There was a bumper assembly of horse boxes at Shuckburgh on Thursday—fifty or sixty at least, supported by a full strength detachment from Weedon—but the day was only to be described as "all round your hat," and except that Phil crashed at some rails and dislocated his shoulder, while Adrian somersaulted owing to a rabbit hole and broke his collarbone, there seems little to report. Saturday, after a wild and stormy night, turned into a lovely spring-like day and tempted out all the veterans of both sexes who had been missing for weeks: notable among these was Mrs. Porteous, to the delight of all her friends defying doctors and Anno Domini alike, and riding a hot little chesnut pony as gaily as ever. Our George, as Jorrocks used to remark, makes it "werry awkward" for the foxes, for the number accounted for up to date has now in mid-January exceeded the whole of last year's tally!

From the Grafton

From Radstone on Friday we went straight to Whistley Wood (much to our chagrin), as the covert is big and rides deep and the gates are small. However, they got a fox away, luckily towards Wapenham,

From the Shires and Provinces

and chivvied him back to Whistley again, with another hunt on the same line, quite fast, but scent failed at Astwell Mill. Plenty of boggy jumping all day, as the country is well under water. It takes a brave man to push young horses over such a stiff country, and I noticed the intrepid Geoffrey forcing a young and green horse through a bullfinch and into a bottom, both collapsing, but no damage done. A good sharp burst ensued later on from Weedon Bushes to end the day. Some of us took the wrong turning, including myself, entailing some precarious lepping over boggy brooks, etc. Percy again lost his hat, this time for good! We suggest sticking-plaster or glue, failing the usual hat-guard! Saturday's meet at the Master's house, Wakefield, provided plenty to eat and drink both outside and in. More than ever under water after another night's rain, and an absolute glut of foxes romping in all directions; no wonder the pack divided.

Very stormy weather prevailed on Monday, when hounds met at Church Charwelton. Quite good sport was enjoyed, with two nice gallops in the morning, and scent was good.

From the Heythrop

On Monday, the 11th, we met at Churchill, when there was a local fog—so local, in fact, that some locals thought there was no chance of hunting, which is rather like the ostrich who buried his head in the sand and, seeing nothing himself, thought that nobody else could see, either. The Sarsgrove fox who made a comprehensive tour of the suburbia of Chipping Norton would have taken high honours in any local geography examination, as his tour embraced the kennels, the gasworks, the tweed factory, and the sewerage beds before the hounds embraced him. There was an ugly scene for a few moments when one of the Sarsden

sisters' horses bolted and was with difficulty stopped by the hounds through sheer weight of numbers.

Friday, the 15th, from Stow-on-the-Wold, was a good day, especially the first hunt from Abbotswood, when hounds were away in a flash and fairly raced over the walls. Another of the Sarsden sisters, in attempting to negotiate a ford, was completely submerged, horse and all, which prompted the launching of the Mason lifeboat, who found rescue work equally uninviting. Altogether it was not a lucky day for the Sarsdenettes on either land or water.

From the York and Ainsty

The hunt ball (at Moreby on Wednesday, January 13) has come and gone, and set up what we think must be almost a record, three hundred people disporting themselves in a private house for more than five hours and doing no damage whatever, not even the smallest burn from a fag-end. It's true some of the flimsier Chippendale was hidden away under lock and key, but even so we must have been a singularly well-behaved crowd, and also, we hope, a nicely dressed one. What about our fair friend Frills-and-Flesh? Note the F's. Next day both packs had big-gish fields out, including various ball visitors. The Northerners were at Farnham and had two good hunts, whilst the Southerners met at Askham Richard and were on the go all day too, though scent was not brilliant. A very long,

(Continued on p. vi)



A DUHALLOW PICTURE

Frank O'Brien

Captain Henry Bramwell, who has been Master of the famous Co. Cork pack since 1935, is an ex-15th Hussar and the son of another famous 15th Hussar, Lt.-Col. H. D. Bramwell, who died in 1921, having married a sister of Lord Rathdonnell. The Hon. Mrs. Bramwell now lives in the Blackmore Vale country near Sherborne. In the picture with the M.F.H. are Mrs. E. W. Hope-Johnstone, whose husband used to have the Westmeath, and Mrs. Cameron, at whose house, Bowenscourt, where the hunt ball was held, hounds met the day the above picture was taken. In her literary entity Mrs. Cameron is "Elizabeth Bowen," authoress of many a good book

THE BICESTER GO DANCING



THE BALL PRESIDENT: MRS. CECIL
WHITAKER WITH MR. L. STUCLEY



THE HON. MRS. W. HOLLAND-HIBBERT
AND CAPTAIN R. H. DOYNE



CAPTAIN D. N. SAVILLE AND THE
HON. MRS. HUMPHREY WYNDHAM

When the Bicester Hunt Ball was held in conjunction with the Radcliffe Infirmary and Joint Hospitals Ball at the Town Hall, Oxford, about a thousand people were up and dancing. Mrs. Cecil Whitaker made an admirable ball president, and stewards included Mr. Robert Field-Marsham, Master of the Bicester, Colonel the Hon. Humphrey Wyndham, and the Hon. Wilfred Holland-Hibbert



MR. AND MRS. ROBERT FIELD-MARSHAM
TALKING TO MR. G. MORGAN-JONES



THE HON. W. HOLLAND-HIBBERT
AND MRS. E. G. W. W. HARRISON



LADY WARDINGTON AND MR.
MICHAEL PITT-RIVERS

Mrs. H. M. Budgett, the wife of a very popular former Master of the Bicester, brought a big party from Kirtlington Park. That intrepid airwoman, the Hon. Lady Bailey, also contributed several guests. When Lady Wardington's husband, the former Mr. J. W. Beaumont Pease, was made a peer last year he took his title from the delightful village, near Banbury, in which they live. Their Manor House is a Georgian gem. Mrs. Harrison's husband is Joint-Master of the South Oxfordshire



MRS. H. M. BUDGETT AND THE HON. LADY BAILEY
SIR ABE BAILEY'S WIFE, MEET AND TALK



MRS. G. MORGAN-JONES AND COLONEL THE
HON. HUMPHREY WYNDHAM AT SUPPER



Yevonde
A TRAGIC PORTRAIT: MRS. CLARE
SHERIDAN AND HER SON, THE LATE
RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

As this photograph goes to press comes news of the untimely death of Richard Sheridan, a descendant of the great dramatist, from appendicitis in Algeria. He was a young man with that sense of adventure that is rare and valuable. He had a love of the sea which once compelled him to sign on for a voyage to Australia and back in the Finnish windjammer "Lawhill": this resulted in his book "Heavenly Hell." His mother is a novelist as well as a sculptor, and "Arab Interlude" is her latest work

intellectual cachet. It is a supposition too often difficult to second wholeheartedly. Mostly it means merely a greater mass of unnecessary detail, or, peradventure, the golden opportunity for the writer to air his views on all kinds of subjects which he, or she, feels to require a larger audience than that usually assembled around a dinner-table or in the smoking-room of a club. The story itself often suffers—but who, apparently, cares? Too many modern novels are less a mirror held up to Life and more an excuse for the writer to air his opinions.

It is this airing of views at the expense of the story which, to my mind, mars the excellence of Mr. Compton Mackenzie's new novel (the first of a series of four), called "The East Wind of Love" (Rich and Cowan; 8s. 6d.). As a tale, there seemed to be no reason why it should cease at page 658 or finish half-way. It is the story of a series of calf-loves. We meet the hero of them, young John Pendarves Ogilvie, at a large public school. We follow him through his "first seduction" at the hands of a French *café-chantant*-singer-cum-prostitute; through his first quasi-sexless love-affair with a girl of his own class, who, at the first touch of "absence," falls in love with, and marries, somebody else; through an "affair" with the mother of his schoolboy friend; and we take

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

"Love" in the Beginning.

GONE, apparently, are the days when a novel could be bought for six shillings—or four-and-sixpence for cash down. Nowadays they are relentlessly seven-and-six, with the added mystery of how the majority ever get sold—so often are the contents worth only half a crown. Granted, however, the necessity for this higher rate in the price of novels, there is an even more expensive type gently flooding the markets. To write an eight-and-sixpenny—or, better still, a half-guinea—novel is queerly supposed to confer upon its author a super-

temporary leave of him at the end falling in love with Music. In the meanwhile, the story itself has been a series of brilliantly detailed scenes and a big airing of views—the author's views, I take it, because I find it impossible to believe that they could be held and expressed in the way they are by boys still in their teens.

Which brings me straight bang up against another defect in the story—as a story and as a mirror of life. For me, none of the characters became "alive," with the exception of two prostitutes, one English, the other French, and even they struck me as being conventional; though not less life-like on that account, because there are conventional natures, be they "saints" or street-walkers. But though there be conventional characters on this earth, they do not speak in conventional terms. Not in this century, at least. It may be possible that the folk of Ouida's day, of Disraeli's, spoke in such fashion across the breakfast-table as these two novelists make them use. The letters of that day, dug up from their dusty resting-place in oak chest or attic, are sententious and formal enough, in all conscience. But one may take leave to doubt that flesh and blood ever uttered so careful a stream of premeditated opinion, so formal a flow of doctrine, as the stilted correspondence of our grandfathers suggests.

The mother of Mr. Compton Mackenzie's hero, in reply to a short lecture on homosexuality by her son (for which, by the way, any decent human being would have finished with him for good), produces the following speech: "Yes, Emil, but the difference between us is that, although I have decided I will not allow myself to regard John as anything except a friend, in order not to make myself ridiculous for certain, and ridiculous at once in all probability, I am not, therefore, going to regard his friendship as nothing. And I shall repeat that your intention to break up your friendship with John is a sign that you have not conquered what is probably the most influential emotion of all—jealousy."

Any woman who could talk like that deserves no more than a son of John's particular *strongylus* type.

Unfortunately for me, nearly all the characters speak to each other in like fashion. They seem to me, in fact, to speak sheer "chunks" of "article" or "essay," and when

they write letters to each other, they write letters of such inordinate length—and, in the case of middle-aged Miriam, otherwise a most intelligent woman, of such recklessness (since they were written to her son's schoolboy friend and her own lover)—that I felt they were expressing Mr. Compton Mackenzie rather than expressing themselves. Mind you, the long monologues on such interesting subjects as God, religion, Communism, militarism, pacifism, music, drama, and the like are invariably interesting to read: it is only because, in most instances, they appear to be so post-dated to the mind which utters them that they tend to turn the speaker into a "dummy" and rob him of both character and of life. They give the impression of a deeply-thinking middle-aged man, grown somewhat emotionless from experience, ruminating in a fictitiously youthful mind, leaving—speaking personally—the impression that he was merely speaking through a youthful mask.

So the real interest of the story consisted of a series of brilliantly executed and isolated scenes, of which the best, it seemed to me, were those with a public school background and the one detailing the experiences of a young volunteer in the years before the war. Some of these scenes, too, are the excuse for many pages of interesting views and opinions, disguised—shall I say?—as dialogue. The present volume is apparently the first of a series of four books in which

(Continued on page 150)



Yevonde
ISABEL NEILSON (THE COUNTESS VON OSTHEIM)

The Countess Von Ostheim is an Englishwoman, and a sculptress of no mean talent, as anyone who has seen her work in the Brook Street Gallery will have realised. Her work is popular in Paris, and some of it was inspired by "Jacqueline," the Parisian model with the perfect figure. Isabel Neilson, who was well known in the English hunting world, married Count Herman Von Ostheim in 1932

TWO DANCERS OF WORLD RENOWN



ALICIA MARKOVA AND ANTON DOLIN IN THE
HIPPODROME PANTOMIME "MOTHER GOOSE"

Mother Goose ought to consider herself extremely lucky to have managed to co-opt two dancers light as swansdown for her pantomime, for we do not very often see artists of the calibre of Markova and Anton Dolin in that class of entertainment. In March Markova and Dolin are reviving Nijinska's ballet, "House Party," and after a season at the King's Theatre, Southsea, it will be brought to London in May. During March (16th) Markova and Dolin will put on a first production of a "Hamlet" ballet. The "Mother Goose" pantomime was just a pleasing interlude, with a distinguished principal boy in Florence Desmond still further to reinforce a truly remarkable cast

ALSO IN ONE OF THEIR DANCE NUMBERS

Photos: Antony Roger

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

the life- and love-story of John Ogilvie will be further revealed to us. Such a story should really be read in its completed form if the significance of everything related is to be understood. The present volume, interesting though it is, does not of necessity—since it is difficult to believe in most of the characters as being “alive”—leave one in suspense. Except, perhaps, to wonder how boys who talk rather like articles in the *Nineteenth Century Review* will converse when fifty years of age has become a grudgingly tolerated familiar. Especially in the case of that intolerable little wiseacre Emil, the youthful Jew.

How to Live Alone.

Every Christmas there comes the suggestion that it would be living up to the Christian goodwill if many a happy family “adopted” for the season some lonely stranger and gathered him, or her, into its Christmas bosom. Which, I am sure, is in accord with the best Christian principles. Only . . . if there would be one thing more boring for me than to “adopt” some lonely stranger at Christmas, it would be to be thus “adopted”! Imagine how awful—to spend a few days with a family whose talk was almost entirely domestic, as is the way with a family when it has gathered its members together, or, peradventure, to keep switching off this “family talk” for the benefit of a stranger who had not the least idea of what or of whom we were talking! But perhaps I am unusual, and maybe unfortunate, in the fact that alone-ness never bothers me. In fact, I love it!

One of the happiest Christmases I ever spent was a Christmas lived entirely alone with the front door locked! Wherever I am, whatever I may be doing, I never mind in the least if I am there and doing it by myself. In fact, with a few exceptions, I infinitely prefer it. I have lived alone so long that when my ordinary course of life is interrupted I return to alone-ness—which is a very different thing from loneliness—with a heartfelt sigh of relief. Such peace! Such liberty of thought and action! The whole world your own to wander about in as you will! The whole inner world of the mind and spirit to be explored without involving the “chill” of either disapproval or created boredom! And yet I know that the majority of people shrink from such a so-often fruitful stillness as from some dread machination of fate. They want company. Not the often exciting company of strangers met by chance, but the company of one who, so to speak, knows who Aunt Amelia is; who will accompany them to church, to a theatre, to the lecture hall, for a walk. They feel lonely when some human voice is not addressing *them*; when they themselves are not addressing someone whom intimately they know. It is a very natural need. The tragedy is that so many of this common human type go through much of their life with this yearning unfulfilled.

For them, such a little book as “Live Alone and Like It”

(Duckworth; 3s. 6d.), by Marjorie Hillis, should make an instant appeal. It was written for American women, but it applies equally well to their English sisterhood. One admirable quality it possesses—it refuses undue pity for the lonely woman who, by reason of her loneliness, seeks both pity and sympathy and makes no real effort to avoid either. “You can live alone gaily, graciously, ostentatiously, dully, solidly,” she writes. “Or you can just exist in sullen loneliness, feeling sorry for yourself, and arousing no feeling of any sort in anybody else.” Then she proceeds to show the Lonely Female how exactly she may profit by her loneliness to make her life far more interesting and worthwhile to herself and to other people than if she had sat back in desperate solitude bemoaning the fact that she has no one at hand to whom to impart the trivialities of her small-talk. “A woman,” she declares, “is now a woman, as a man is a man, and expected to stand on her own feet, as he, supposedly, stands on his.” Dress well, she goes on to advise, even when you are taking your evening meal by yourself. Don’t let yourself go, intellectually and physically, just because there is no one under the same roof to be an “audience.” Intellectually, in fact, a lonely person should seek to improve himself or herself at all costs. For often a solitary life is a mental life, but even if it isn’t so, intelligence can make more exciting whatever may be the bodily experience.

If there is one fault in Miss Hillis’s otherwise most excellent book, it is that, should her lonely reader follow her advice to the letter, she will probably find a husband only too soon, and then, maybe, wish she had not been such an excellent pupil! Even so, the lonely person who hasn’t a chance of changing her solitary state, and who finds it difficult to make any lasting friendships, will profit—should she need it—from reading this little book written around an apparently urgent subject. In the end, however, success will depend entirely upon herself and the cultivation of her own “inner garden.” And if I myself would add anything to Miss Hillis’s excellent advice, it would be to tell the Lonely Person to live either in London or any other large

town—where interesting things are going on all around you at every moment of the day or night; where, whatever may be your tastes—other than gardening and natural history—you may find an outlet for your interests; where any day you may meet people, albeit strangers, who will have something more to tell you than politely to twaddle as at a tea-party; where you can fill your life with exciting interests totally outside the frustrations of your own ego, and where the fact that nobody knows you, or cares, gives you, so to speak, the latchkey of a wider world and yet leaves you a little haven of alone-ness to come back to, which may be either your own flat or your own one room; there to dream your dreams and seek reality behind the usual pretences of human behaviour; thus giving you lots to laugh at in life.



Miss Compton Collier

THE DOWAGER DUCHESS OF NORFOLK AND HER FAMILY, INCLUDING TO-DAY'S BRIDEGROOM, HER SON, THE DUKE

This family group was taken some time ago at Kinharvie, Dumfriesshire, where her Grace the Dowager Duchess lives when in Scotland, but it was only recently released for publication. Her Grace is seen with the Duke and her daughters, Lady Rachel, Lady Katherine and Lady Winifride Howard. The Duke's wedding to the Hon. Lavinia Strutt takes place to-day (January 27) at the Brompton Oratory, a picture of which is on the opposite page



Photo: William Davis

THE ALTAR: BROMPTON ORATORY

Brompton Oratory is the scene to-day (27th) of the wedding of the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England, and the Hon. Lavinia Strutt, daughter of Lord Belper. The bridegroom is the Premier Duke and Earl, the dukedom dating from 1483. The office of Marshal of England was inherited through his mother by Roger, Earl of Norfolk from the Earls of



Inset by J. White & Son, Littlehampton

(INSET): THE HON. LAVINIA STRUTT

Pembroke in the thirteenth century. The Pembroke family acquired the distinction by the marriage of Isabel, who was countess in her own right, to William le Maréchal, son of John le Maréchal, who died about 1164. Brompton Oratory has received benefactions on a very large scale from the Duke of Norfolk's family on various past occasions

CONCERNING GOLF : By HENRY LONGHURST

I HAVE a great deal of fun and pleasurable anticipation at this time of year in writing to the various hotels which are to accommodate me for the long succession of tournaments that carries on, almost without a break, from the end of March to the end of September. How extraordinary one's diary of to-day would have looked to the golfer in, say, 1900! He would have been astonished, of course, at the very multiplicity of competitions day by day, up and down the country; the ten thousand pounds or more for which the professionals will do battle during the year; but he might, I think, have been even more astonished at the amount of space that these events can command in the newspapers.

Far be it from me to criticise the source of my daily bread. Long may it prosper! The more avid for news does the man in the street become, the better off I am likely to be. All the same, I sometimes find his tastes remarkable. Why, for instance, does he demand a whole column in every daily newspaper on the subject of the so-called Boys' and Girls' Championships? Columns, too, on international matches for one-armed players, tournaments for fathers and sons, a tournament now for fathers and daughters—which, I imagine, will prove a kind of benefit match for the house of Stroyan.

The major tournaments, though, are becoming tremendously thrilling as the issues at stake grow bigger and bigger. This Coronation Open, for instance, is going to provide a wonderful week, albeit the hardest week's work of the year. And returning to my original theme of hotels, there is only one, shall I say, first-class hotel in the little burgh of Carnoustie—and that has been booked up to the attics for months past. Where all the people are going to stay, or where I myself am going to stay for that matter, Heaven alone knows. One hint I would offer to the intending spectator—don't get there too early on Sunday, for unless you are prepared to perjure yourself to the effect that you are a *bona fide* traveller (as I have seen hundreds do), you cannot get a drink for love or money. They close the public houses on the one day when the people have the leisure to use them.

If we manage to win that Championship, it will be an absolute landmark in British golf. The odds, numerically, are against us, for on paper we have only two men, or at the most, three, who are mentally and physically equipped to win such an event;

whereas there are ten men in the United States' Ryder Cup team. On each of their past two visits they have swept the board in our Championship. Stepping straight from the boat, they have lost the Ryder Cup by a narrow margin, but, given a few days in which to settle down, there has been no stopping them. It is all for the good of the game that we should win the Cup from time to time, but I do not think the stoutest-hearted patriot could persuade himself that we should ever win it if the contest were to be played after the Open instead of before. Be that as it may, this is going to be one of the greatest of all championships, and I am looking forward to it. The Amateur, too, will have a special overseas interest, with young Locke and his South African colleagues struggling to take the Cup to the Dominions for the first time.

The other members of the South African team that is to tour this country in the summer are C. E. Olander, Otway Hayes, and F. O. L. Agg. They sail in the *Balmoral Castle* on April 16, and, judging by their records, it seems that we may be hard put to it to find a team good enough to beat them. In Locke's absence, Olander won both the South African Championships last year. He is twenty-seven and was amateur champion in 1932 and 1934. Hayes appears to be something of an infant prodigy. At the age of seventeen he is the Western Provinces amateur champion and in their Open Championship, which was brilliantly won by Alfred Padgham a month or two ago, he finished high up the list, with a final round of 67. Agg, like Locke, comes from the Transvaal, and has twice been runner-up in the national championship.

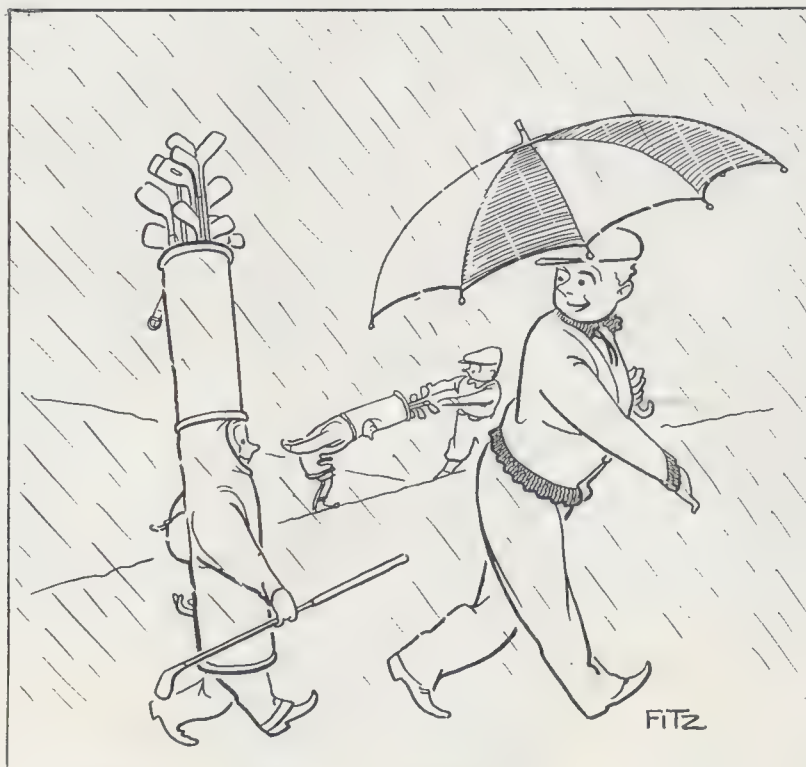
Another event to which I am looking forward, is the English Championship, which is to be held for the first time at Saunton. I have never been to Saunton, and they tell me that there is no better seaside golf in the world. On the preceding Saturday the English County championship will be marked by an interesting experiment. Each county sends a team of four and organisers of the day's play have in the past been hard put to it to get everybody round the course twice before dark.

This year they are to be sent out three at a time, as is successfully done in America. I venture to prophesy that not only will the experiment succeed at Saunton but also that the English Golf Union's example will be widely copied.



GOLF AT MONT AGEL: SOME ENTHUSIASTS

Mont Agel is one of those nice sunny places on the Riviera where one can play golf without fear of frostbite. The players in this picture are: Mrs. Arthur Vincent, Mr. Peter Hicks, Mr. B. Robertson, the secretary, and a friend. The seemingly phrenological gesture on the right of the picture is merely an attempt to encourage the dog!



THE SOLUTION OF THAT "KINDNESS TO CADDIES" MOVEMENT

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



THE ARTISAN GOLFERS' ASSOCIATION—BY "MEL"

On January 16 the Artisan Golfers' Association held its Annual General Meeting at Bush House, Aldwych, where "Mel" caricatured the above group of officials. The chair was taken by Mr. Hubert S. Service, who is a member of the Royal Eastbourne Golf Club and a very keen supporter of the Association. Artisan Golf Clubs all over the country are affiliated to the Association, whose president is Sir Emsley Carr. Among its vice-presidents are many famous names, such as Lord Ebbisham, Lord Lurgan, the Bishop of London, Major Sir George Hennessy, Sir John Fitzgerald, Major W. G. M. Sarel, H. S. Service, "Sandy" Herd, J. H. Taylor, etc. J. H. Taylor is the Chairman of the Council. The annual competition takes place on August 23rd and 24th at Wentworth Golf Club. The Hon. Secretary's address is The Moor, Woburn Green, High Wycombe

(NEXT WEEK: EXETER GOLF AND COUNTRY CLUB.)

HERE, THERE AND OTHER PLACES



AT THE CAFÉ DE PARIS: MR. W. T. CARLSON
AND LADY POULETT



Photos.: Swaabe

ALSO AT THE CAFÉ DE PARIS: THE HON. MRS. JOHN
BARRAN AND MR. CHARLES BIRKIN



AT THE "FEAR" PREMIÈRE AT THE CURZON:
LADY BROUGHAM AND VAUX WITH MR. F. STANLEY



Carthew

AT THE WARD UNION HUNT HUNT BALL:
MISS K. CHAMPERNOWNE AND MR. JUSTICE WYLIE



Swaabe

FLY-WEIGHTS' NIGHT AT WEMBLEY:
MR. ELVIN AND MRS. TOM WEBSTER

Here we are looking "all ways to wanst," from Coventry Street to the Curzon and from the Ward Union to Wembley. Lady Poulett, the former Miss Oriol Ross, was at the Café de Paris, as was also the Hon. Mrs. John Barran, who was one of the "Ruthven twins." Lady Brougham and Vaux, who was married in 1935, was Miss Jean Follett. She is a niece of Lord Dunmore. Mr. Justice Wylie is the hard-riding Master of the Ward Union; rumour connects his name with the next presidency of the Royal Dublin Society, which is more easily recognisable as "The Dublin Show." The stirring night at Wembley when Jack Doyle let his enthusiasm run away with him, and when Benny Lynch settled the moot point of the World's Flyweight Championship, drew many enthusiasts. Lord Westmorland, one of the most popular figures in the sporting world, is a keen follower of boxing and usually to be seen at the ringside when an important event is in progress



Swaabe

ALSO AT WEMBLEY: MRS. DUDLEY WARD
AND LORD WESTMORLAND



Cannons of Hollywood, Dover Street

LADY CHILD, SIR JOHN CHILD'S WIFE

Among those participating in the exodus from England which is habitual at this rather unattractive time of year are Sir John and Lady Child. They have gone to America, but do not propose to be away very long. Being Canadian-born, Lady Child takes the Atlantic in her stride, so to speak. Young, charming, and exceedingly pretty, she is the daughter of Mr. Hugh Mathewson, of Montreal. Sir John Child, who is in the Coldstream Guards Supplementary Reserve, knows his wife's country quite fairly well, having been A.D.C. to the Governor-General (Lord Bessborough) from 1931 to 1933—the year they were married

CAMARADERIE AT KITZBÜHEL



MR. EVELYN BROUGHTON AND THE HON.
GRANIA GUINNESS, A SUB-DEBUTANTE



LADY IDINA HALDEMAN, LORD DE LA
WARR'S SISTER, AND MR. C. LANGLANDS



MODES OF THE GALA MOMENT
FOR LORD AND LADY MOYNE



THE HON. DOREEN GIBBS AND HERR
FRANZ-JOSEPH VON TURV



A HONEYMOON COUPLE: MR. JOHN
AND LADY CECILIA SMILEY



EMLYN WILLIAMS, ACTOR-DRAMATIST,
AND MRS. EMLYN WILLIAMS



BARON SILVO SILVESTA WITH
MRS. CLAUDE PARTRIDGE

Kitzbühel, in the Tirol, is one of Austria's most popular "lures" for winter-sporters. The Grand Hotel has had more visitors than ever this season, and after the day's play on snow and ice gala evenings are almost inevitable. On the particular occasion with which these pictures are concerned Tirolean dress was encouraged, but rakishly perched paper hats were considered modish enough by most people. Lord and Lady Moyne, who are out there with the Hon. Murtoch and the Hon. Grania Guinness, contributed nobly to the gala spirit. Lady Broughton, Sir Delves Broughton's wife, played up well, too; Mr. Evelyn Broughton is their only son. Emlyn Williams will have to pack up skis and skates shortly, being due home to play Caligula in Charles Laughton's new picture, "I, Claudius." The Hon. Doreen Gibbs is Lord Wraxall's half-sister, Mrs. Partridge was née Franks, and Lady Cecilia Smiley was Lady Cecilia Wellesley until last month



LADY BROUGHTON AND THE
HON. MURTOCH GUINNESS

WITHINGTON
MANOR:
THE HOME OF
THE MINISTER
OF
AGRICULTURE
AND
THE OWNER
AND FAMILY



TWO VIEWS OF WITHINGTON MANOR,
IN THE COTSWOLDS, AND SOME OF
THE OWNER AND FAMILY

The exterior of Withington Manor, in the Cotswold country and not far from Cheltenham, can be left to speak for itself: the inside is the handiwork of the wife of the recently-promoted Minister of Agriculture, who has a flair for that sort of thing, and has made her husband's chambers in the Temple something a bit more than habitable. Mrs. Morrison, like her husband, is a barrister, but she has doffed the toga for the *châtelaine* since her marriage in 1924. Mr. William Morrison was called to the Bar in 1923; Inner Temple. Nowhere more than in Gloucestershire was his elevation to Cabinet rank last year hailed with greater satisfaction, for he has sat as Member for the Cirencester and Tewkesbury Division since 1929. Before his promotion to succeed Mr. Walter Elliot in the portfolio of Agriculture, Mr. Morrison was Financial Secretary to the Treasury. During the war he was a Field Artilleryman, got hit, three mentions, and the M.C.—a fine fighting record



Photos. by W. Dennis Moss

THE RT. HON. WILLIAM MORRISON (ALSO INSET ABOVE),
MRS. MORRISON, AND THEIR SONS, ALISTAIR, JOHN AND RANALD

ENTERTAINMENTS

à la CARTE

By

ALAN BOTT



UNALONE BY THE TELEPHONE: (BOTTOM TO TOP) ARTHUR MACRAE, EILEEN PEEL, CYRIL RAYMOND, ANTHONY BUSHELL, DIANA WYNYARD

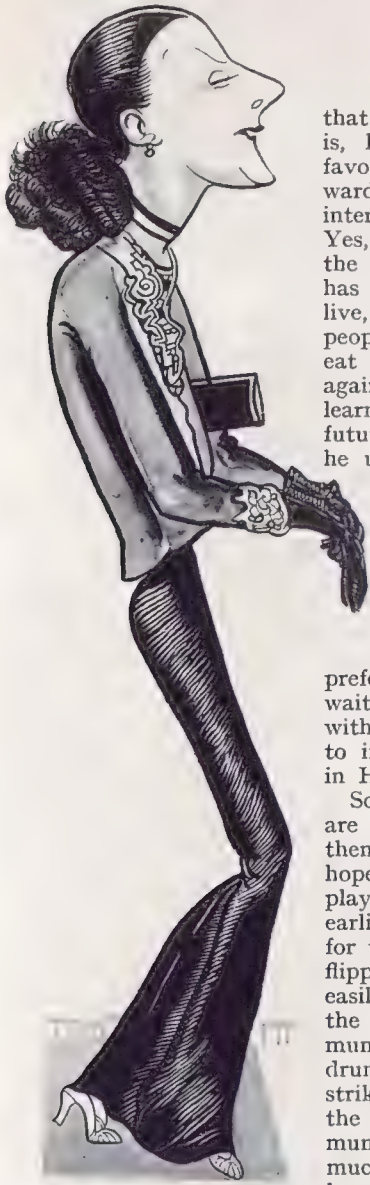
IT would seem from Mr. W. Chetham Strode's *Heart's Content* that if it be love, love that makes the world go round, the best kind of dynamo draws its power from love serene, flowing like a peaceful river (say, the Thames between Oxford and Goring). It is a theme that, given the right actress—and Miss Diana Wynyard is clearly that—can nicely move the heart-strings of people newly entered upon a sweeter, simpler era. Meanwhile, a play that begins with smart froth in glossy restaurants and ends with contentment conquering romance has plenty of room for variety of treatment. The play at the Shaftesbury also has matter for inhabitants of the racier times that still linger into 1937. *Heart's Content* rings the changes between two manners which are in such marked contrast that the author appears to contain within himself a junior, more flippant partner.

This lively junior opens the ball with fairly flashing dialogue among a band of expensive young who drink enough, chatter nimbly and don't hesitate to date each other's fiancées for private dinners and doings, on the principle that you can have your cake and beat it. For them, the appropriate end of a party is to drive through the night in a sporty-boy's car and meet dawn while flipping around in a Puss Moth.

That sort of thing, needless to say, is not in Miss Wynyard's line of country: though she be the bright, particular star of the show, she refrains from shining to any extent until the exhaust of the sporty car has roared off-stage, *en route* for Heston. To suit her talents there follows the play's other manner, which decorates her expert dealings in glamour and controlled emotion.

As an introduction to glamour while you wait, what could be more appetising? You are a young woman leading an easy, purposeless life (your father being a successful K.C.) and wondering whether to engage yourself to an already rich barrister in daddy's chambers (note in passing—K.C.'s are supposed not to share Chambers). You are about to go to bed when the telephone rings and a pleasant voice with a foreign accent informs you that it is bringing by taxi the bag you left on a supper-table. Enter, with bag, a very personable stranger who says casually that he has long admired you. Intrigued, you lean forward and say

Miss Wynyard's Heart - Strings



ON THE MAN-HUNT:
KATHRYN HAMILL

promoter of theatrical coincidence, chooses its exact, inconvenient moment for announcing the arrest in Austria of Carl's political chief, whereby Carl is obliged to return forthwith. Honour and patriotism cannot be forsworn, even for true love; so Carl packs, and his Anna, having wept over his shirts and heaved a distressed bosom over his underwear, is left crumpled and forlorn. And the last two scenes of the second Act have suggested a mountain of fluff plus a sizeable molehill of sentiment.

The fluff, however, happens to suit the attractive personalities of Miss Diana Wynyard and Mr. Louis Borell; and it

that you seem to remember him. He is, he confesses, a waiter in your favourite restaurant. You lean backward and start to be polite over the interesting things a waiter must see. Yes, but this is no ordinary waiter; the son of an Austrian diplomat, he has come to learn how the English live, and has taken to waiting because people are only natural when they eat and drink. You lean forward again, and having asked for more, learn that a forceful and patriotic future awaits him at home. Also, he understands you as your friends don't, and you are drawn to him from the word go. So before he departs he is Carl to your Anna; and within a fortnight you are his *liebchen* and the barrister is supplanted, even though daddy and mummy are horrified that you should prefer a foreigner, and a sort of waiter at that, to an Englishman with a private income who is due to inherit the best pheasant-shooting in Hampshire.

So far, so promising. The parents are to be converted when Carl sees them on his next evening off; but hope is denied, partly because the playwright suddenly returns to his earlier manner. The crowd flock in for the usual cocktails; the insistent flippancies, this time, sit rather uneasily upon developed sentiment; and the familiar business of making a mummy (often it is an aunty) half-drunk on one and a half cocktails strikes an untuneful note (apart from the fact that not even an aunty or mummy would react like that to that much). And the radio, which has become rival to the telephone as a

takes on a firm aspect in the last Act—"some years later," when Anna has married the faithful barrister. The parents gave them their house for a wedding present, which makes a change of set unnecessary; and news-television has arrived, which conveniently shows them the arrival at Croydon of Austrian State-Secretary Carl, just as Anna and the rest are celebrating the barrister's victory over a famous K.C. in a big libel case (note in passing—juniors do not lead against K.C.'s in big cases). Enter, then, Carl, still cherishing her memory but willing to approve her safety amid love serene: he will merely send her each year, as token of love, a red, red rose; which should satisfy both the romantics and the upholders of family life.



FAREWELL, ROMANCE: DIANA WYNYARD
AND LOUIS BORELL



OLD FOLKS AT HOME: O. B. CLARENCE, MARY JERROLD

The author's chief asset is his talent for creating decorative people; and his luck is that good players make them sparkle. Her rôle suits not only Miss Wynyard's expert tricks of questing expression and endearing little movements, but also her technique for the finer shades of repose and heart-stuff. Mr. Borell's Carl is brimful of charm and purpose. Mr. Cyril Raymond ably steadies the triangle. Mr. Arthur Macrac's acid comments give yeast as needed. Miss Kathryn Hamill is all but brilliant as a predatory young woman. Miss Mary Jerrold and Mr. O. B. Clarence, as old folks at home, are pleasantly in the picture. It is, for the rest, all very elegant.



AT ST. MORITZ: M. ETIENNE BUNAU-VARILLA
AND FRÄULEIN INGRID RICHARD

M. Etienne Bunau-Varilla was the captain of France's Olympic ski team until last year, when he was put out of action by an appalling toss. He can now walk without crutches, but skiing is still impossible. Fräulein Richard, a former German "beauty queen," is also a very fine performer on ski

TRÈS CHER.—There are few places in Paris more provincial-looking than the gloomy little Place Dancourt, which is a two-minutes' walk from the bright lights of the Place Pigalle and the glittering, narrow streets that climb towards Montmartre, where every other house is either a *bûte de nuit*, a cabaret, or one of those hotels where no luggage porter is needed. One reaches it by abruptly turning to the left after passing the Medrano Circus, where Grock's name, in electric letters a yard high, throws a golden lake of light upon the wet asphalt of the Boulevard Rochecouart. One is then faced by a dark street that is so steep that one instinctively draws the deep breath that precedes any kind of physical effort. I would not like to live at the corner of that thoroughfare. The ceaseless grind of hurriedly changed gears must be nerve-shattering to an "owner-driver," and even worse is the throbbing, knocking sound of the cars that try to make the grade on "high." The Place Dancourt is at the top of the hill, and flanking the Place is the famous little Théâtre de l'Atelier. In point of fact, if the Place Dancourt did not happen to be neatly and unmistakably printed on the maps and plans of the Paris streets, one would find it difficult to believe that it is anything more than the Atelier's front yard! The tiled pavement of the iron-pillared portico is flush with the beaten earth of the Place, and during the *entr'actes* the spectators wander out from the theatre, hatless and coatless, for cigarettes and gossip. . . .

The Atelier is one of those theatres where, with a clear conscience, one "need not dress," and this is just as well, since one soon discovers, if one sits on any of the shabby wooden benches under the stunted trees, that the children of the quarter seem to use the seats, in the day-time, as counters,

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

over which they sell—and make—mud-pies. The theatre stands at the narrow end of the Place. Tall and rather gloomy houses that are even a little sinister close in on the three other sides, and on warm evenings the *concierges* sit on their doorsteps, the men collarless and shirt-sleeved, the women in slippared ease, knitting but watchful, keeping tab on all that goes on around them. There are also some shops, but so poorly lighted that one hardly notices them. Those strange, amateurish little shops that remain open till late into the night, and sell, amongst other wares, such unwanted things as corset laces of faded pink silk and dangerous-looking sweets that seem to be caked with a sort of grey-white mildew that, on investigation, proves to be stale sugar. There is also a *marchand de vin*, where, if one has not had time to dine, and supper seems too far off for comfort, one finds the traditional hard-boiled egg, *croissant* and *café-crème* at the zinc counter. A *bric-à-brac* shop is squeezed into a hole in the wall between the two immense "coach-doors" of a once magnificent "private hotel." It is marvellously and satisfyingly filthy. The pleasure of discovering an attractive *biblot* in a junk-shop is enhanced a thousandfold by the dirt that surrounds it! It is not only because I cannot afford them that I have no use for the antique-shops of the Place Vendôme or Bond Street.

I do not think that I visit the Place Dancourt more than once or twice a year, and the reason of this is, of course, that First Nights are rare at the Atelier, since Georges Dullin has a way of either producing classical master-pieces which the high-brows want to see and which the snobs think that they ought to see, or else he discovers some young genius whose first play makes theatrical history for pretty well the same reasons. The other night it was Mme. S. J. Jollivet's adaptation of *Julius Caesar*, with a new staging by Dullin, incidental music by Darius Milhaud, and costumes by André Bakst, that we were invited to see and hear. "Tray bong" without doubt, but no play-goer of my generation can see this play without groping back into the dim memory of childhood and recalling a certain production of *Julius Caesar* that took place in the early days of this century—unless it was the later days of the last—at His Majesty's (then "Her Majesty's"). Theatre, when Marcus Antonius was played by Beerbohm Tree, Brutus by Lewis Waller, and Lady (then Mrs.) Tree was a slim, almost ethereal Lucius. At the Atelier, the page Lucius is a sturdy, shock-headed brat of ten or eleven—a certain young Henri Peiffert, who is a remarkable little actor, but who is entirely the wrong lad in the wrong part.

I cannot quite make up my mind whether I prefer the kindergarten or the pantomime-boy touch, but, distance lending enchantment, I think that I prefer the former. I object, also, to the choice of a coloured actor for the soothsayer, and to adding injury to insult by dressing Habid Benglia for the part in the beads and plumage of a *revue nègre*. *À part cela*, the production is the careful, intelligent, and, at certain moments, the inspired achievement that we have come to expect from Dullin, and those unfortunates who cannot read Shakespeare in his own language, are greatly indebted to him, since this production follows on his lovely rendering of *As You Like It* that was given a year ago, and of the equally excellent *King Richard III.* the year before that. PRISCILLA.



Star Presse

LUCIE MANETTE, IN THE FRENCH
VERSION OF "A TALE OF TWO CITIES":
CHRISTIANE ISOLA

Dickens's immortal "A Tale of Two Cities" is now being played in Paris, where so much of the story is set. It is at the Odéon Theatre, and Mme. Christiane Isola is the charming Lucie Manette of this production

FILM NEWS AND NOTABILITIES



ANN HARDING—THE SORELY-TRIED HEROINE
IN "LOVE FROM A STRANGER"

As some sort of counterpoise to being almost murdered by a wicked husband (Basil Rathbone) at every production of "Love from a Stranger," Ann Harding has recently taken to herself a husband who is far too fond of her to seek to do her any harm. She was recently married in London to Werner Janssen, the famous American Symphony Orchestra conductor. The honeymoon was a necessarily short one because Ann Harding was wanted immediately for Shaw's "Candida," which opened in Brighton. "Love from a Stranger" is at the London Pavilion. Suzy Prim, who plays the lead in the new French film, "Le Chemin de Rio," and is shown with Kate de Nagy, has been seen recently in that thrilling film "Mayerling," which was at the Curzon, and also in another hair-raiser, "La Peur." "Le Chemin de Rio" is a quite new French film and has to do with the adventures of pupils at a dancing school. Harold Lloyd and his very charming wife, who is still his "leading lady," are rated the most devoted couple in all Hollywood. They say that every picture tells a story—and this is evident in the case of the one on the right



SUZY PRIM AND KATE DE NAGY IN "LE CHEMIN DE RIO"



HAROLD LLOYD AND CHARMING WIFE (MILDRED DAVIES)
IN AN OFF-DUTY MOMENT

Hyman Fink

THE WOODLAND PYTCHLEY HUNT BALL



CAPTAIN AND MRS. MICHAEL
TRUBSHAW



LADY CAHN AND MR. W. A. R. COLLINS



MISS PAMELA THORNTON
AND MR. BOBBY NEWTON



MISS P. ATHA AND CAPTAIN
GEORGE BELLVILLE



QUITE UNAPPALLED BY THE
CAMERA: MR. RANDOLPH
AND MISS R. FITZWILLIAM



REAR-ADMIRAL WELLWOOD MAXWELL
AND MRS. GEORGE BELLVILLE



MR. J. R. ROBINSON AND MR. AND
MRS. ROGER MICKLEM

The Woodland Pytchley Hunt Ball for which Captain and Mrs. George Bellville kindly lent Fermyn Woods Hall, Brigstock, was by way of being the present Master's swan song. Sir Julien Cahn moves on to the Fernie next season, and the Misses Wilson, the hunting twins from the Cottesmore country, are taking on the hounds. Lady Cahn, the Master's wife, is seen footing it with Mr. W. A. R. Collins. Captain George Bellville, of course, has had a long connection with the Woodland Pytchley, for he was either sole Master or Joint Master from 1920 to 1932. He is an ex-Scarlet Lancer. Mrs. George Bellville is a daughter of Count Rodolph de Kerchove de Denterghem and Rear-Admiral Wellwood Maxwell, who is with her, saw service on a variety of naval fronts during the Great War

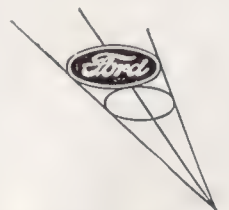


MISS AVERIL LOYD AND MR. PETER
DOULTON



BEAUTY IS MUCH MORE THAN SKIN-DEEP

when you come to examine this Latest Ford V-8 (£16. 10s. Tax), which has beauty equally of line, finish, equipment, upholstery and performance—especially of performance, yet costs as little to run, and maintain in A-1 order, as to buy, tax and insure. Comfort, silence, flexibility, all at their utmost! It is emphatically the multi-cylinder luxury-car for the economically inclined, and either externally or in its in-built excellence is a real revelation at its price, £210, at Works. Literature on Request: Dealers Everywhere.



FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX. LONDON SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, W.1

MARLENE DIETRICH (DOMINI) ROBERT HICHENS' HEROINE



MARLENE DIETRICH AND CHARLES BOYER (ANDROVSKY)



BASIL RATHBONE (ANTEONI), MARLENE DIETRICH AND CHARLES BOYER



MARLENE DIETRICH

Robert Hichens' romantic story having had a terrific success in its film presentation in America, a country which is rated to be even more hard-boiled than modern England, was certain to get a big reception when it was projected at our Leicester Square Theatre. Marlene Dietrich, who is over here and went to the première, could hardly get her car through the crowd of fanatics who mobbed it. She makes a very beautiful Domini, as of course she would, and the film being in technicolour gets every scenic chance possible. It must always be something of a gamble as to whether a modern public will react to a story which is closely akin to the romances beloved of the Victorian novelist, but it is obvious that sentiment and sentimentality have still a big drawing power, and the story makes as strong an appeal as when Robert Hichens' novel was first published in 1905. It had a sale of 2,000,000. The stage play, in which Mary

IN THAT INTRIGUING ROMANCE "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH"



CH AS DOMINI



DOMINI AND ANDROVSKY IN ANOTHER SCENE IN THE DESERT



MARLENE DIETRICH AND ALAN MARSHAL (DE TREVIGNAC)

Anderson Novarro collaborated, ran for 248 performances in 1911, and about half a million people paid to go and see it in New York. This screen version, first produced in America, drew over 120,000 people to one cinema in five days. The desert scenes, which bulk so largely in the story, are said to have been shot in the main in Arizona, sometimes in a noonday temperature of 148 degrees. The cast, as will no doubt be perceived, is a very strong one, and in addition to La Dietrich we have Basil Rathbone as the Trappist monk who broke his vows and succumbed to the lovely Domini. It is a regular League of Nations film, as Marlene Dietrich is German; Charles Boyer, a Frenchman, plays opposite her as a Russian; C. Aubrey Smith, an Englishman, plays a Frenchman; Basil Rathbone, another Englishman, is cast as an Italian; Tilly Losch and Joseph Schildkraut, both Austrians, play Arabs; the director is a Pole and the setting is in Algeria.



THE OLD HUNTER'S MAXIM

By the late GILBERT HOLIDAY

"Whilst I'm out to grass my motto is : *Nemo me impune lacessit* ; but, when the nights get cold, give me a nice warm stable with a good groom to make a fuss of me and let me live like a gent !"

The death of poor Gilbert Holiday has most lamentably thinned the ranks of the artists who draw for us sporting pictures. He was quite in the first division : an enthusiast where fox-hunting and all that it connotes are concerned. The cause of his death was a broken back which he sustained in a fall out hunting. Quite apart from those who knew him through the excellence of his art, there are thousands who knew him as a friend and to whom his death is a very bitter, if not an entirely unexpected, blow



**RACING WATERS: A SALMON LADDER, RIVER TEIGN,
DEVON. (INSET) A SALMON RUNNING UP**

This magnificent photographic study of water racing down a salmon-ladder on the Teign was taken by a keen angler as well as photographer, Lt.-Col. R. B. Phayre, late 4th Gurkhas. He also secured the fine picture of a salmon leaping. The running of salmon in fresh water is a fascinating subject for study. While the matter is strongly debated, it seems a strong supposition, on scientific evidence, that the salmon does not feed at all in fresh water, and further, that the enormous effort needed for its upstream run consumes less than one five-hundredth part of the total energy stored in its body as the result of its rich living in the sea! The exhaustion of spawning, however, reduces the fish to the same weakness of the kelt and it must then return to the ocean to recuperate.



W. Dennis Moss

LORD AND LADY BATHURST'S HOUSE PARTY AT CIRENCESTER HOUSE

Lord and Lady Bathurst had Cirencester House full for all the recent balls and junketings in the Vale of the White Horse. The Earl, as the world knows, is the famous Master of his own hounds, the senior V.W.H. pack. The names in the picture are:

L. to r., seated: the Hon. Ralph Bathurst, Miss Dorrien Smith, Miss Costley-White, Miss Errington, Miss Meynell, Miss Bowlby, Lady Winifred Cecil, and the Hon. William Bathurst, Lord Bathurst's younger son

Standing, l. to r.: Miss Lilia Graham, Mr. R. Heathcoat-Amory, the Earl Bathurst, Mr. H. Birkbeck, the Countess Bathurst, Mr. J. Gunn, the Hon. Mrs. William Bathurst, Mr. H. Duckworth, and Mr. J. Leicester-Warren

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

take the appropriate measures and take them in time. F.M. Lord Milne says we have only five months in which to bar the

"SOME optimistic people say we have five years to prepare. I would consider myself an optimist if I said you have five months from to-night. The country is in danger."

These words were used by Field-Marshal Lord Milne, speaking at a banquet at the Mansion House presided over by the Lord Mayor of London, and organised in aid of the London (City and County) and Middlesex Cadet Committee, which, it is estimated, needs something like £100,000 before the end of this year if it is to carry on. The Government grants having been withdrawn, the movement has had to get along under its own steam. It became unpopular in quarters which, first of all, managed to bring about the dangerous situation in which we now find ourselves where our defence forces are concerned, and then clamoured for Great Britain to poke her nose in single-handed to any and every war that might be on offer. The chief plank in the anti-recruiting campaign has been that cannon fodder is wanted to fight a capitalist war. If wrong-headedness could farther go, I have yet to hear how.

We are not out for war, capitalist or otherwise. We are out for defence and security for all classes of our social community. We have not got it, and we can only get it if we



LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN AND MRS. F. R. G. MATTHEWS AT THE COWDRAY HUNT BALL

The Cowdray Ball was held at Lord Cowdray's seat for the first time in its history. Lord Louis Mountbatten's house, Adsdean, is in the Cowdray country and he was the captain of that good Navy polo team, which virtually won last year's Inter-regimental



ON THE RIVIERA: MAJOR RAPHAEL WITH LADY DUNN

Sir James and Lady Dunn have a particularly charming villa at Cap Ferrat; it was there that this photograph was taken. Both Major Raphael and Lady Dunn are keen golfers. She affects, as may be seen, the trouser-fashion which has been developing recently in the golfing world and in this case, though not in all, is most becoming

door. I hope the gallant officer is wrong, but he is an ex-Chief of the Imperial General Staff and a soldier of the highest distinction. Supposing Lord Milne is not wrong, and that he has a keener perception of the uncomfortable possibilities in this quarrelsome, nagging world than the next man? What then? We are not as well off where protection is concerned as we were in 1914, when we only escaped quick defeat by the skin of our teeth. The ex-Kaiser might have eaten his Christmas dinner in Paris. The Von Kluck swerve was probably the main cause of his not doing so.

These recruits—and we must include the cadets—it must be repeated, are not wanted for gun-food, but to warn off anyone who may think that this Empire, in its present under-protected state, is easy meat. Alderman Sir William Burton, Chairman of the London (City and County) and Middlesex Cadet Committee, puts the position where these Cadet battalions are concerned very admirably when he says:

All civil authorities agree that the Cadet training is of the greatest value to the boys in their everyday life, and while there is no compulsion or pressure whatsoever put upon the boys to enlist, it is a well-known fact that the Cadet Battalions are a fruitful source of ready-trained recruits for the Territorial and Regular Armies. Recruits will be sorely needed in the years to come, since only by the possession of reserves of trained men can we be sure that no nation will attack us.

That is the whole position in a nutshell. If we are prepared to take a most unmerciful hiding lying down, by all means let us carry on as we are going: if not, then we have got to alter things and jump to it.

It is not a question of being militarist or anti-militarist, but the vital one of saving our own skins. Some words of much wisdom were recently penned by a personal friend of many years—Major-General "Jock" Kennedy, who has just completed his term of service as G.O.C. the 1st Division at Aldershot. He wrote, in a letter to the *Times*:

As an ex-regular soldier who has commanded from a platoon to a division, which I have recently given up, may I suggest that one of the reasons which discourage recruits is the practice, now so prevalent, of advertising the faults of the few bad regiments in the public Press and giving



A SHOOT AT CASTLE BERNARD: LORD BANDON'S PARTY

The trophies in the foreground are more representative of the variety of the day than of its success, since the total bag amounted to 85 head of game. Lady Bandon was formerly Miss Betty Playfair, of Nairobi. Castle Bernard is in County Cork. The names of the party are, from left to right: Flight-Lt. Bath, Mrs. Bath, Lady Bandon, Mrs. Jones, Flight-Lt. Jones, Flight-Lt. White and Lord Bandon

the impression that such things are general throughout the Army. Most of our regiments are extremely well administered by competent officers. . . . It must be remembered, however, that the modern, well-educated recruit is intelligent enough to know what he is worth—it is for the country now to realise what is going to be the cost. You can get even a voluntary army if you are prepared to pay for it.

The badly-run regiments are few and far between; the well-run ones predominate, but this fact needs a good military publicity agent, whom at present we have not got. However, there it is. If we want to be knocked endways let us go on keeping our three arms undermanned as they are at present. The choice is before us.

News sent me from far-away Calcutta is to the effect that the cold-weather racing meetings 1936-37, at which all the biggest events in India are run—the King's Cup, Viceroy's Cup, etc.—has been an absolute record. Someone whom I used to know as a light-weight steeplechase jockey, C. H. Northmore, is now the crack trainer in India and has practically cleared the board with the horses owned by the Nawab of Bhopal and members of his

(Continued on page vi)



IN THE MONTE CARLO SUNSHINE

Lord and Lady Birkenhead and their host, Mr. Reggie Purbrick, with whom they are staying at the Château Garoupe, Antibes. Lady Birkenhead is the younger of Lord and Lady Camrose's daughters. One of her brothers married Lord Birkenhead's younger sister

ALSO AT THE COWDRAY HUNT BALL: MR. JOHN LAKIN AND MISS SUZANNE DU BOULAY

Mr. John Lakin is Joint-Master of the Warwickshire, and he and the Hon. Dick Samuel are carrying on again next season to the general satisfaction of the country. Miss Du Boulay is one of the Cowdray supporters on the spindle side of things

THE CAMERA GOES HUNTING IN THE MIDLANDS



MRS. GARNETT AND MRS. GERARD LEIGH AT A QUORN TRYST



Truman Howell
WITH THE CROOME: MR. R. BERKELEY, M.P.H.,
MR. M. STAPLETON-MARTIN AND LADY COVENTRY



HUNTING WITH THE QUORN: LORD
AND LADY NUNBURNHOLME



Truman Howell
MRS. JOHN MASON AND THE HON.
ROSAMUND DORMER AT SPETCHLEY



LADY ALLERTON AND HER CHILDREN,
JEAN AND SANDY WHITELAW



MRS. RUDOLPH DE TRAFFORD WITH
CAPTAIN JENKINSON AT BLENHEIM

Quorn, Croome, and Heythrop hunting occasions make up this page. Lord and Lady Nunburnholme, who live in the Pytchley country, were out with the Quorn when they met at Frisby-on-the-Wreake. Many people were having a pedestrian's view, among them Mrs. Henry Garnett and her mother, Mrs. Gerard Leigh, also Lady Allerton and her children by her first marriage. Jean and Sandy Whitelaw are both as keen as mustard about riding, and Jean was in the prize list at last summer's Lambourn Horse Show. The Croome, founded in 1867 by the ninth Lord Coventry, grandfather of the present Master, met not long ago at Spetchley Park, the home of Mr. R. G. W. Berkeley, Joint-Master of Lord Berkeley's. Mr. M. Stapleton-Martin is Hunt Secretary. The Hon. Rosamund Dormer—seen talking to the former Miss Diana Coventry—is Mr. Berkeley's sister-in-law. Mrs. Rudolph de Trafford and Captain Jenkinson were photographed when the Heythrop met at Blenheim Palace not long ago



Why
 Derek Oldham 'OVALTINE'
drinks delicious

"A GOOD night's rest is essential to any singer . . . and when one is filming as well, it becomes all-important. I have made it a habit, for several years, to have a cup of 'Ovaltine' before retiring. I find this keeps my sleeping account in credit, and so enables me to cope with any amount of hard work."

So writes Derek Oldham . . . and adds another name to the long list of stage and screen 'stars' who, like countless thousands of people in every walk of life, have found that 'Ovaltine' is unequalled for promoting radiant health all day and sound, natural sleep at night.

'Ovaltine' is a complete and perfect food, rich in the essential vitamins and every nutritive element required to build up body, brain and nerves. It is prepared by exclusive processes from specially chosen ingredients of the finest quality.

Make 'Ovaltine' *your* regular daytime and bedtime beverage. It will build up your resistance to colds and fatigue and keep you fit and full of energy. Remember, though, that it *must be* 'Ovaltine.' Imitations may be made to *look* the same, but there are very important differences. For quality, health-giving value and economy, 'Ovaltine' stands supreme.

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10, and 3/3.





MADGE ELLIOTT: PRINCIPAL BOY IN
"CINDERELLA" AT THE LONDON COLISEUM

Following the lead of many another distinguished young actress, Madge Elliott went into pantomime. It is her first excursion into that realm, and in "Cinderella" she was flanked by two other débutantes, Edna Best in the title-rôle, and Anona Winn as Dandini. The "business" has been terrific, and deservedly so, for it is all very first class

JOHNNY played truant from school one day, and the following morning was worried as to how to square himself with the teacher. He decided to write a note of excuse, signing his mother's name, which resulted in the following:

"Dear Teacher,

"Please excuse Johnny from being absent yesterday. I tore my pants.—Yours truly, Mrs. Jones."

A man dining out ordered chicken soup as his first course. When the soup arrived, he called back the waiter and said:

"Do you call this chicken soup?"

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter.

"Well, I don't. Take it away and get the old hen to step through it again."

A very small boy was waiting to cross a busy road. A kindly stranger spoke to him. "You must be very careful with all this traffic about," he said.

"Oh, I'm all right," replied the child cheerily, "I always wait for the empty space to come by."

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

"I didn't like the looks of that pretty maid you engaged, so I discharged her this morning," remarked the lady of the house.

"Really?" replied her husband, "before giving her a chance?"

"Before giving you a chance!" came the reply.

It was the darkie's first day at his new job.

"Is that all the work you can do in an hour?" asked the foreman.

"Well, boss," replied Sambo, "I dussay I could do moh—but I nevah was one for showin' off."

A lady had in her employ an excellent Irish maid who had but one fault—her face was always dirty. Her mistress tried to tell her, without causing offence, to wash her face.

"Do you know, Jane," she remarked in a confidential manner, "that if you wash your face every day in hot, soapy water, it will make you beautiful."

"Indade, ma'am?" replied the girl; "then shure it's a wonder ye niver tried it, ma'am."

A native of the Wild and Woolly West had ridden into town to do some shopping.

As the assistant wrapped up the annual pair of he-man's ranch socks, he asked:

"Anything else to-day? What about some pyjamas?"

"Young feller," replied the he-man, "I ain't no social rounder. When night comes I goes to bed."



IN "HUMPTY-DUMPTY" AT BIRMINGHAM:
HELEN GILLILAND AND JUNE

"Humpty-Dumpty" is proof, if proof be needed, of the continued popularity of pantomime. Emile Littler's version of this nursery rhyme has bookings as far ahead as April 3rd. Helen Gilliland, well known in the "Savoy" operettas, is "principal boy" to the "principal girl" of the charming June

This story comes from America. The preacher had been talking for two hours, and the dryness of the subject was beginning to tell on the congregation. In fact, the deacon had dozed off. Finally, the minister ended his sermon with the following words:

"We will close with a short prayer, the deacon will lead."

The deacon awoke with a jerk and replied:

"It isn't my lead; I just dealt."

A labourer, after having been employed by a local council for two weeks, complained that he had no spade.

"Well, you should worry," the foreman replied. "You've had your wages for doing nothing."

"Yes, that's all very well," was the labourer's retort, "but the others have something to rest on."

A "Wayside Pulpit" notice displayed outside a church bore the following inscription:

"Love your Enemies, Make your Worst Enemy Your Best Friend."

Unfortunately, a little farther down the same street appeared another notice, which read:

"Your Worst Enemy is Drink."

FINE

FOR TO-NIGHT..

Good stockings are as important to the smart woman as the right shade of lipstick, the correct length of skirt or the sauciest tilt of hat.

Make sure then that for every occasion as well as especial occasions, you wear Bear Brand stockings. All the latest fashionable shades, fashioned fastidiously into a brilliantly dull-lustred stockings in which *fineness* is a very predominant feature.

Priced from 3/11 to 8/11 according to the momentousness of the occasion.

Bear Brand

Crepe Luxury Stockings

3/11 to 8/11



MADE BY HOWARD FORD AND COMPANY LIMITED

A RUGBY LETTER

By
"HARLEQUIN"

DEAR TATLER,

THE England side have made a good start. There was not a great deal in the Twickenham victory, but England certainly deserved their narrow triumph, more especially, perhaps, as almost every critic predicted their defeat. These have now made desperate efforts to save their faces by finding fault with many of the Englishmen, but they have generally avoided any attempt to explain the reasons for what they are pleased to call the sterility of the English attack. It is all very well to complain about the alleged shortcomings of various members of the side, but the real truth is that the footballer of to-day is so hampered and harassed by people busily engaged in breaking the rules that he has very little chance of playing the game as it should be played.

I have never made any secret of my opinion that we owe much of the trouble to the incapacity of the referees, and to the fact that so many different interpretations are placed on the rules. I am afraid that things have gone so far now that something drastic will have to be done if the game is to be saved at all. Many people came away from Twickenham the other day feeling that Rugby was nothing like so good as it used to be—a feeling that has occurred in several recent International matches.

One of the successes of the match was the new English captain, who can rarely have played better, even in that historic 'Varsity match when he first made his name. Why he was made captain few of us could understand, but his election may have had the desired effect of bringing him back to his old form. H. S. Sever, as usual, was in the scoring. He not only won the match for England, but he saved it, for had he not come across and found touch on almost the only occasion when H. G. Owen-Smith was

enough, especially when one remembers the frequent neglect of the off-side rule. No doubt B. C. Gadney will return when he is sound, but England are fortunate to have such an efficient substitute. The English attack may be considered to have worked fairly well, and the fact that it produced no tries must be attributed to the tactics of the Welsh defence. The stand-off halves and centres found themselves faced by a perfect barrier of forwards, several of whom had seldom



Stuart

H. G. OWEN-SMITH

England's South African-born captain in the first International, whose wizard fielding and touch-finding were memorable features of a battle which did not quite reach the heights expected of it. H. G. Owen-Smith, known as "Tuffy" when he was at Magdalen, boxed and played cricket for Oxford as well as being their full-back for three years. St. Mary's Hospital now proudly houses this Triple Blue

been in the scrummage at all, and as long as this is permitted openings will remain few and far between.

Our Selectors must be congratulated on having got together a sound pack which must contain good footballers, or they would not have settled down as they did when five of them were playing in their first International. Robin Prescott, who came out of the blue on the day before the game, and had never even been mentioned as a probable runner, was one of the best, and close up with him was that sturdy O.M.T., T. F. Huskisson. But it is hardly fair to mention individuals, for there was not a failure among the eight. There can be no doubt, however, that we owe much to the experience and determination of R. J. Longland and W. H. Weston, whilst everyone admired the hooking of H. B. Toft.

A fair general remark about the Welsh side is that hardly one of them showed their real form. V. G. J. Jenkins can seldom have made so many abortive attempts 'at goal. W. Wooller may very likely have been feeling his damaged knee; while C. Davey was not at all sure of his passes. Idwal Rees played his usual polished game, although Sever was almost more than he could manage alone, and W. H. Clement made a successful début. The half-backs were not outstanding, except H. Tanner, whose brilliant break-through led to the Welsh try. It is useless, however, to blame the backs for the Welsh defeat. The real cause was the futility of the pack, which possessed neither weight nor skill nor any plan of campaign. It is clear that the forward play in Wales is all wrong; their own critics tell them so plainly enough, and the Twickenham defeat supplies conclusive proof.



AT THE ANGLO-WELSH RUGGER BALL

A group including J. L. Giles (English scrum-half), H. G. Owen-Smith (English full-back and captain), J. C. Boyce, A. Wheatley (English forward), and W. Wooller (Welsh three-quarter) at the Dorchester, where a very hearty party rounded off the first Calcutta Cup event of the season. Wooller's try, from a movement brilliantly inaugurated by Tanner, was a triumph of opportunism, but it was obvious that his injured knee proved a heavy handicap throughout the game

in trouble, Wales would probably have scored. A genuine footballer in every sense of the word, he does not wait for the ball to be brought to him on a plate, and is full of dash and resource.

Once more P. Cranmer performed prodigies of defence. Obviously we cannot do without him, and I shudder when I remember some of the alleged attacking candidates who have been put forward to replace him. T. A. Kemp has been somewhat severely criticised, but considering that he had not seen his partner before they got on well



H. S. SEVER

England's doughty left wing three-quarter who won the match with as fine a dropped goal as Twickenham can ever wish to see. The victory was a narrow one but England definitely deserved it by reason of the grand work put in by the English pack

Stranded—
miles from anywhere—
and
the 'works'
to you
are
a complete mystery . . .



on such occasions
a cigarette
is
a
tremendously comforting
companion . . .



as you wait
for
some
helpful male
to come
to your aid.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

A PASTORAL FROM ARBALET



By HENRY J. FIDLER

THE little village of Arbalet, in the Perpignan country, was shaken to its depths. For the season of gathering the grapes was at hand, and all over the district the harvest would be a good one, excepting—alas!—in the case of the Abbé Carnet's vineyard.

For the good God, who had blessed the produce of the other vines, so that grapes, either golden yellow or deep purple, were hanging about in thick clusters on every hand in Arbalet, had seen fit to visit the Abbé Carnet's vineyard with some virulent and unknown blight.

Early in the summer that fatal blight had been noted, and many of the Abbé's parishioners had gladly lent a hand in helping to fight it with sprays, with fumigation, and in every way that experience could suggest.

But it was all to no purpose; the Abbé Carnet's vines drooped and withered throughout the summer, and the few scanty grapes they produced were so small and dried-up that they were scarce worth the trouble of plucking. Alas for the Abbé Carnet!

It was late in autumn; the grapes had been gathered and pressed, the rosy-scented juice fermented, and the wine set aside in barrels to mature, when Pierre Latour, who owned the biggest vineyard in the district, summoned to meet him in conference at his house nineteen other growers of the grapes, or *vignerons*, as they are called.

"It is in my mind, brothers," said Pierre Latour, when all had assembled, "that not only respect for Holy Mother Church, but personal regard for our Abbé, should induce us to make good the ravages of Nature on the good Abbé's vineyard. His pay is small indeed, for Holy Church is not generous to her servants, and if he have not a few bottles of wine to sell and to add the proceeds to his pittance, how shall he win through until the next grape harvest?"

"Now, each of us, on the other hand, has been blessed this year, for never in the memory of the oldest of us has the crop been so abundant, and the fruit so sweet and sound as it is this year. Is it not so?"

"Of a surety, it is well and truly said," cried the nineteen *vignerons* approvingly.

"Well, brothers," went on Pierre Latour, "it is in my mind that what is little short of disaster to our poor Abbé would be a mere trifle if the loss be divided among us all. His crop has failed him, and the Abbé's large cask is empty. *Bien*: shall we not, as faithful sons of Mother Church, fill it for him?"

"What can this be?" cried the Abbé, greatly perplexed. He lifted the glass to his lips and rolled a taste of the contents on his tongue

"We will! We will!" cried the others enthusiastically, waving nineteen right hands in the air, and fixing thirty-seven eyes in simple trust on Pierre Latour's countenance. (There were not thirty-eight; André Dubois had met with an accident in his youth.)

Pierre Latour beamed as he noted with what willingness and eagerness his proposal had been received.

"Then I will tell you what we will do, brothers," he said. "The Abbé's cask, as you know, stands in the barn at the side of his house. It holds two hundred litres, and as there are twenty of us here, it will only be necessary for each of us to bring a ten-litre keg of wine and pour it in, and the Abbé's cask will be full.

"But it is very necessary that we do not cause any embarrassment to the good Abbé, for, as we know, he is not one of those who would accept favours willingly, gentle though he is."

"Yes, he is at once mild and high of spirit," agreed the others. "What then shall we do, Pierre Latour?"

"Ah, but I have made every necessary preparation, like the man of affairs that I am," replied Pierre Latour proudly. "I have persuaded Jules, the Abbé's outdoor helper, to leave the door of his barn unfastened to-night.

"Thus, then, shall it be, brothers; we will meet here about midnight to-night, when the good Abbé will be peacefully asleep, and each of us shall bring with him a keg or vessel containing ten litres of wine. Then each in turn will tip-toe into the barn, so that the Abbé's saintly rest will not be disturbed, and add his contribution to the store. By this means our revered Abbé will only be able to guess who are his benefactors. Is it agreed?"

"It is!" cried the meeting unanimously.

"Just one other thing before we separate," added Pierre Latour. "To-morrow is Sunday, and we would all wish to see our good Abbé's face when he finds how his flock has helped him to overcome the despatchfulness of Nature. I propose that, immediately after morning Mass, we should

(Continued on page 178)



A MASTERPIECE OF
THE DISTILLER'S ART

Don't be Vague
ask for

Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE



Paris, Paris

**Mlle. FRANÇOISE SOULIER : ENGAGED
TO LORD ASHLEY**

The engagement was announced in London on the 14th January. Mlle. Françoise Soulier is the eldest daughter of M. and Madame Georges Soulier, of Paris and Rouen. Lord Ashley is the Earl of Shaftesbury's son and heir. M. Georges Soulier is a leading industrialist and has business interests in both Paris and Rouen. The wedding, it is understood, will take place in London at an early date.

A PASTORAL FROM ARBALET (Contd. fr. p. 176)

all meet outside the church. Then we will go together and make a call on the Abbé, and see his face flush with surprise and joy when he finds what we have done for him."

"Agreed!" cried the others enthusiastically; and so it was decided.

After Mass on the following day, therefore, the band of twenty *vignerons*, with Pierre Latour at their head, came to their Abbé's modest dwelling and desired speech with him. He came to the door—a gentle, grey-haired old man, peering benevolently at them over the frame of his glasses.

"What would you have with me, my children?" he asked.

"Father," answered Pierre Latour, "the sun is hot on our heads, and we have thirst. We would drink a glass of wine with our revered Abbé."

"Alas! and alas!" cried the Abbé, "but the grape harvest has failed me, as I thought you had known, and my grape cask is full of naught but air."

"I think not, Father," said Pierre Latour, a twinkle in his eye. "Go within your barn, Father, if it seems good to you. Then strike your cask, and see if it sounds hollow."

A gleam of happy understanding came on the Abbé's face. He went inside the barn, and when he returned it was with pride and gladness.

"Ah, my very dear rascals," he cried, "happy am I to have seen this day! I was wakeful last night, and over and again thought I heard footsteps in my barn, but I did not dream of the gracious action that you were doing for your Abbé, for indeed my cask is full. Rogues, that would not see their poor Abbé go athirst!"

He beamed on them in simple joy and gratitude once more.

"Stay," he cried, "each of you shall have a glass of your own wine." He fetched a jug and glasses from his house, entered the barn, and came out with the jug full.

"Pierre Latour," he said, "as I perceive that you inspired this devout and generous action, the first glass shall be for you."

He filled the glass to the brim, then blinked his short-sighted eyes at the spectacle of his auditors backing away from him, and frankly taking to their heels and scattering in all directions.

"What can this be?" cried the Abbé, greatly perplexed. He lifted the glass to his lips and rolled a taste of the contents on his tongue. "Why, it is doubtless a jest they play on their poor Abbé," he added, wrinkling his forehead in perplexity. "Indeed, here is no wine; it is but water!"

And, indeed, the reverberations of that unfortunate affair have not died down in Arbalet until this day. It was of the most tragic!

Alas! each *vigneron* had argued to himself, one measure of water would never be detected among nineteen measures of wine.



Pearl Freeman

MISS ROHAYS BURNETT

A recent portrait of the attractive daughter of Major-General Sir James and Lady Burnett, of Leys, Kincardineshire, the land being held under a charter from The Bruce, dated 1324. Miss Rohays Burnett went off shortly after Christmas on a visit to Cairo and Palestine with her aunt, Mrs. Lawrence Carr.



Guy's Cliff, Warwick

This England



QUIET corners you will find throughout this England where surely a Romeo must have sought his Juliet; streets that must have echoed to the deep voices of the Ironsides, raised in a measured chant; courtyards where came good Mr. Pepys, perhaps, to try on a new coat with prodigious fine buttons. It may be that our past is the more near to us because we preserve so much of it in our daily lives. Do you not realise that it is more than flavour or fashion that gives zest to your Worthington—that as you savour it you render homage, however unconscious, to the centuries of fine English brewing of which it is the heir?



THE MEN'S LONDON TEAM FOR THE DUKE OF KENT'S SKI CUP

Left to right: Messrs. John Hankey, Ian Munro, Michael Muir and Richard Gardner H.R.H. the Duke of Kent's Ski Cup has somewhat novel conditions and is only open to amateurs who are not domiciled in a ski-ing country and have spent not more than four out of the preceding twelve months in a village situated more than 2000 ft. above sea-level. It is open to townsmen and lowlanders. There



THE LONDON LADIES' TEAM FOR THE DUKE OF KENT'S CUP

Left to right: Miss M. Sherer, Miss Philippa Harrison, Miss Bernie Duthie and Miss B. Walter were over 100 entries, the London Ladies' team being the only entry by the fair sex. The first race was won by a Swiss, Arnold Kach, of Berne. In the "Townsmen's Race" the London team was placed fifth. Mr. Peter Lunn and Mr. R. Hudson were ruled out as having more than normal opportunities for practice

Responsibility.

WHOSE fault was it? That is the eternal question which crops up in every road accident or near-accident. A personal experience last week brought home forcibly to me the possibility that, in many cases, the "fault" may lie with somebody other than those involved in the accident. That experience was a vivid illustration of the importance of careful judgment in these matters. I was driving early in the morning on one of the roads leading towards London from the west. The road was empty except for a bicyclist, who was riding along some distance in front and in the same direction as myself. The road is straight and in this part there are no side-turnings. It is wide. It is heavily cambered. At this time it had a film of wet upon it. I recognised the surface as slippery, so I was going slowly, at a little under 30 m.p.h. I was gradually overhauling the cyclist. He was not riding close to the kerb, but he was not far enough out from the kerb to be taking up unnecessary space in the circumstances.

Suddenly, without the smallest warning, with no apparent cause, the bicycle slid away from under him and left him sprawling in the road. Note that he had not attempted to turn or manoeuvre in any way. The adhesion was so small and the camber so great that the bicycle just would not stand upright. In front of me now was a bicycle and a sprawled human being. I touched the brakes and strove to steer away from them up the camber. But the car simply slid towards them. I eased the brakes, hoping to get enough adhesion to steer—my speed being low—but to no purpose. The wheels had no grip. The kerb was too high to charge. So I braked again and, despite the instructions of the theorists, I locked the wheels. (Remember the Dunlop people found that locking the wheels does not, in fact, appreciably alter the stopping distance.)

Skating.

The car slewed sideways and towards the prone cyclist. Even as it slid I watched, helpless, a miniature drama of fear. I saw the cyclist look up at my car sliding down

PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

upon him at what must have seemed a fast pace. I saw him try to get up and run; and I saw his feet slip from under him like a person trying to get up on a skating-rink. He fell again and scrambled frantically to get away from my sliding car, yet he only succeeded in moving about two or three yards. In my place I was powerless. By corrective steering I could keep the car from spinning round; but I could not check its motion, nor could I appreciably alter its direction. I let it slide, proposing to try drastic things at the last moment. But, by the grace of heaven, the car slid to a standstill about one inch from the bicycle.

The cyclist managed now to get up. "A near thing," I said. "Yes," he answered, "I didn't think you were going to stop in time." "I didn't think I was myself," I replied. And then he added—and I am sending his words to the appropriate authority—"My bike just slid away from under me." Now, note that this is the year 1937; that for a great many years we have known how to make non-skid surfaces; that for a great many years we have known the dangers of slippery surfaces, especially when they are heavily cambered; that this was an important road near London. Note also that neither the cyclist nor myself was guilty of any preliminary carelessness or illegality; that we were both going slowly and with circumspection. Yet it was luck, and nothing but luck, that saved me from killing him and probably facing a charge of manslaughter. I say probably a charge of manslaughter, because I am sure that is how it would have panned out. The local authorities who laid or permitted to be laid that road would in some degree have been guilty of manslaughter had I run down that cyclist. But I am confident nobody would have thought of charging them. No. It would have been the motor-car driver. Here were two road-users rendered helpless by the negligence of the road authority, and had there been an accident, one of them would have been held responsible.



Photos: Charles E. Brown

FORMER LADY CHAMPIONS WATCHING THE RACE FOR THE DUKE OF KENT'S SKI CUP

In the picture, taken at Mürren, are Miss Diana Crewdson and Miss Audrey Sale-Barker, former champions, and with them Mr. Ian Fenwick, the clever artist, who watched the contest

Concrete.

This experience of mine occurred just before I heard Major Smith, the concrete enthusiast, putting his views on the

(Continued on page 19)



"A Ten or Twelve
would be really big
enough for me, and
they're very
economical to

run ... but all the
same I do long for
more power on hills
and that extra burst
of acceleration in and
out of traffic ...

Still, that means
more horses, and a
two figure tax is

out of the question

this year ... Oh, well, I suppose one
can't have it both ways!



Oh yes you can

With a 10/40 h.p.

or 12/48 h.p. Wolseley, you get 40 and 48 b.h.p.—power enough to do most things on top. Yet at the same time you enjoy the running economies of a Ten or Twelve. Here is a car that seats four adults comfortably, has the big-car lines of the Super Sixes and yet has the nippiness in traffic of an easy-to-drive light car. That is something new in motoring—a complete answer to the needs of any motorist—whatever his previous experience has been.



Prices from £220 ex works. Write for full details of specification (which includes Dunlop tyres, Triplex glass and Jackall hydraulic jacks) to WOLSELEY MOTORS, LTD., WARD END, BIRMINGHAM.* London Distributors: Eustace Watkins, Ltd., Berkeley St., W.I. Sole Exporters: M.I.E., Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, England.

WOLSELEY
10'40 & 12'48
S E R I E S

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

With Blobs On.

THE days of the aeroplane with blobs on must be numbered. Look over a modern twin-engined machine and you will notice that the most serious blob-causing agency is the engine. The under-carriage and the tail wheel retract; there are no external struts or wires; cockpits are cowled-in; aileron and flap hinges are arranged within the wing, and even the rivets are countersunk. Yet upon this carefully streamlined creation the designer must still dispose two immense, shape-shattering blobs: the engines. And remember that no matter how those engines may be cowled and faired, they remain blobs of the grosser sort. No observer of aeronautical progress can doubt that the engine of the future will disappear into the same receptacle as the under-carriage and control hinge: in other words, the wing. Consequently, I was extremely interested to see that Mr. F. R. Banks, in his paper, "Some Problems of Modern High Duty Aero Engines and Their Fuels," read before the Institution of Petroleum Technologists, suggested that a good shape for a high-powered aero engine would be the horizontally opposed or flat shape. He suggested a flat engine with six or more cylinders in each of the opposed banks, with a capacity of some 35 to 40 litres and a power of 1500 to 2000 brake-horse-power. The engine would be liquid-cooled so that the radiator could be of the duct type and could be arranged to cause the least possible additional drag.



BARBARA BLAIR, RADIO STAR, GOES ON THE AIR

Barbara Blair, the American Radio Star, has taken to the air in real earnest. She is learning to fly in England, and is establishing an aviation club to be called "The Swallow," after the first 'plane that she owns



THE ROYAL AIR FORCE VISIT GERMANY: THE PARTY AT CROYDON

The Royal Air Force officers in the picture are: Wing Commanders R. V. Goddard and M. Moore, Air Commodore D. C. S. Evill and Air Vice-Marshal C. L. Courtney. They were guests of the German Air Ministry and the visit is a return of that paid to England last summer by General Milch, head of the German Air Force. One of the displays they saw was that of the Richthofen Fighter Squadron, a name held in respect by our war-time pilots

Otherwise the entire engine would go into the wing.

With such an engine, we should approach one step nearer to the perfect shape; we should eliminate the most serious obstacle to over-all stream-lining. It is the more curious that no firm has yet produced in this country a flat engine of high horsepower, liquid-cooled, and suitable for both military and civil use. In my opinion, the flat formula should prove a strong ally to the liquid-cooled engine. Incidentally, Mr. Banks's paper contained an enormous amount of valuable information about aero

engines and their fuels, and should be obtained by all those who are interested in such things.

Strategy.

Speculation as to new types of aeroplane is one of the most fascinating amusements. It appears in its most ingenious form in "Air Strategy," by Lt.-Gen.



THE DUCE WINS HIS WINGS

Signor Mussolini, with his hand on the joy-stick of an Italian military 'plane, ready to take off for the 90 minutes' test flight which won him his wings. General Vallo, the Italian Under-Secretary for Air, saw the Duce reach 13,500 ft. He was wildly cheered on making a successful landing

N. N. Golovine in collaboration with a technical expert. This book sets out broadly the specifications for four hypothetical types of military aeroplane, and it calls them the Light Single-Seater Fighter, the Scout, the Destroyer, and the Bomber. Destroyer and Bomber are twin-engined types and the other two are single-engined single-seaters. The speed given to the Scout is 370 miles an hour and the theoretical ceiling 45,000 ft. It is armed with two ordinary machine-guns, and its range is 1200 miles. It has all the modern components, including a retractable under-carriage and tail wheel; duct-type radiator for the liquid-cooled engine; variable-pitch airscrew and enclosed pilot's cockpit. The outline drawing of this machine makes one itch to fly it. There

is a distinct resemblance to the Spitfire.

The Destroyer is a rather novel twin-engined type. With a top speed of 315 miles an hour and a crew of two or three, it is armed with one 20 or 25 mm. cannon and seven machine-guns. The cannon fires forwards from what looks like—to judge from the drawing—a Wallis type of horizontally-spun turret, while the seven machine-guns are placed forward and aft of the wings and above and below the fuselage. The machine has two V-type liquid-cooled engines, driving variable-pitch air-screws. For the other types I must refer the reader to the book itself. He will also find there a most interesting discussion of the theories of Douhet and of several of the main problems of air strategy. I must strongly recommend the work to all interested in military aviation.

Suitable Lectures.

Professor G. T. R. Hill excelled himself in the last of his series of lectures to children on "How to Fly," at the Royal Society of Arts. He appeared in the full rig of the early aeronaut, with genuine green Norfolk jacket, cap with central button, and even, if I was not mistaken, elastic-sided boots with the proper tabs sticking out over the back. After indicating to the audience in this manner, and by working a dummy control column, the ways of the pioneers, Professor Hill changed back into his ordinary clothes and described

(Continued on page 14)



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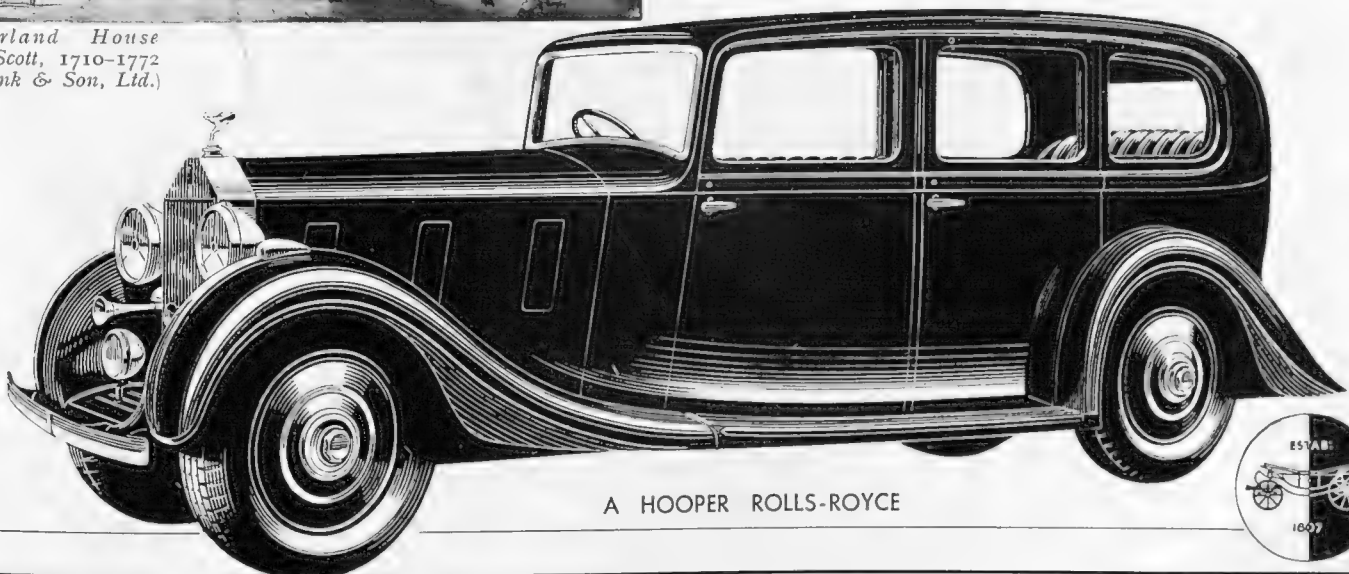


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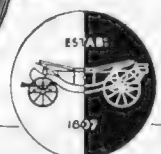
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The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



NOW that the winter sales are over women are concentrating on equipping their wardrobes for the spring; naturally they are not overlooking the fact that this is Coronation year. At Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, the advance guard of the fashions has arrived; they have been chosen with the greatest consideration. It is in the coat and skirt department on the first floor that the models pictured on this page may be seen. The black silk marocain suit on the left consists of a dress and cape. The corsage of the former is lightened with a punctured leaf design, while suède and metal share honours in the belt. The cape is particularly practical, as it fits snugly over the shoulders and is more than generously trimmed with silver fox. The suit on the right has a black skirt and a coat in a subdued shade of mustard softened with black; the suspicion of a flare is attractive. By the way, the fabricating medium is wool with a difference, and the cost is eighteen and a half guineas. A fact that cannot be too widely disseminated is that admirably tailored coats and skirts are made to order for ten and a half guineas

Pictures
by Blake

TO MEN & WOMEN OF ALL AGES—ESPECIALLY THOSE OVER FORTY



This useful tablet-container for pocket or handbag will be sent free on receipt of coupon (see below). Each of the six compartments will take two 'Phyllosan' tablets.

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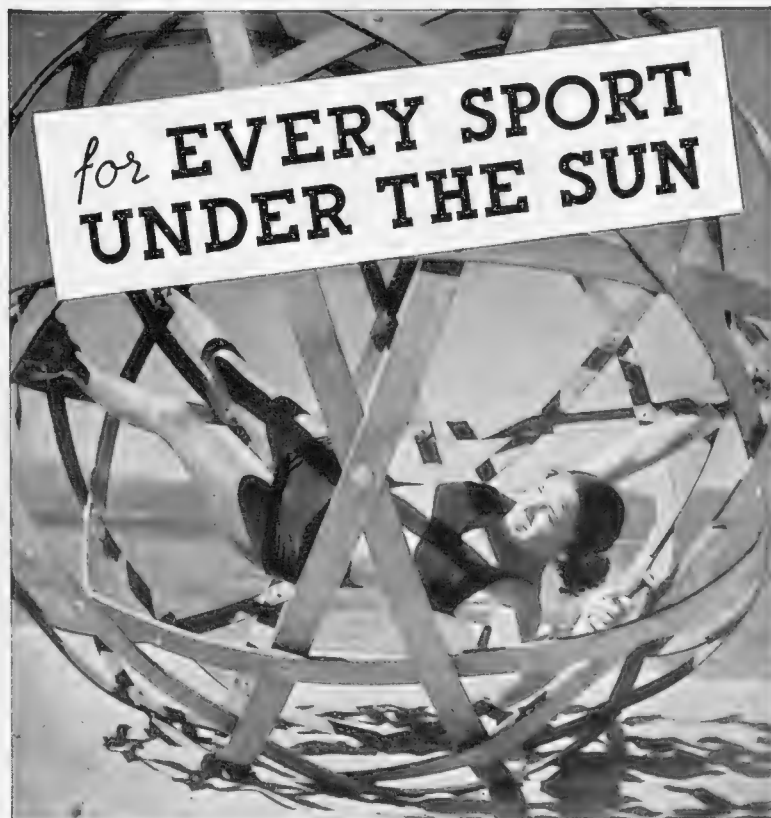


Photo Schall

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£ NOW BUYS 40% MORE!



VERY 1937

SOME authorities declare that it is the coming of the Coronation which is responsible for the passing of the high-crowned hats, which would most assuredly prevent seat-holders and others viewing the procession in comfort. The quartette of hats on this page may be seen in the salons of Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. It is petersham which makes the hat above, whose charm is increased by petunia-tinted flowers and a veil, the cost being 65s. The model below, of the bonnet persuasion, is expressed in petersham relieved with a halo of primulas and veiling. It costs 69s. 6d., which is the price of the neat little felt turban on the right with its massed wreath of flowers, delightful with a Spring suit

LISERET straw turns the thoughts of every woman towards spring; therefore the brimmed hat at the base of the page on the right is expressed in it. Red, black and green are present in the soft drapery and upstanding bow. The latest fabricating medium for spring hats is ribbed "chimere," and models made of it are available for 25s. 9d. in four shapes—the halo, the pull-on, the cap, rather wide at the sides, and another style with a veil destined for restaurant wear



Pictures
by Blake

New *cream* Mascara

Ends the artificial look of
old-fashioned mascara!



Complete
with brush

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Waterproof . . . far easier to use!

True charm now replaces the bold, theatrical look that has discouraged so many women from using old-fashioned forms of mascara.

The effect you have always wished to achieve with mascara is now actually possible! Obviously, such exciting loveliness requires an entirely new kind of mascara; one that darkens lashes without shouting "mascara"; one that does not brand its user as artificial, "theatrical" or "bold."

TATTOO Cream Mascara is just that. It goes on so evenly and smoothly its presence on the lashes is not detected. Nor will tears, rain or a plunge betray the secret . . . for THIS mascara, *not being mixed with water when applied*, is really waterproof! Much easier to use than cake mascara too, and perfectly harmless. Can't smart. TATTOO your eyelashes!

BLACK for brunettes
BROWN for blondes
BLUE
for evening wear

TATTOO



Size 20" x 30"

Delightful GIFT for a SPORTING Friend

DOUBLE-TONE PHOTOGRAVURE PLATES OF GAME BIRDS

The late Mr. Archibald Thorburn was for many years unchallenged among British bird artists. This fact has never been in dispute. He combined absolute fidelity to his feathered originals with exquisite landscape surroundings.

while the life-like softness of plumage given to his beautiful "models" has a peculiar fascination. The specimens here offered for sale represent some of the finest work of the late Mr. Thorburn, while of their reproduction no more can be said than that it does full justice to the paintings.

Here are the titles of some plates available:

The First Victim
Turning Back from the Guns
The First Woodcock
Waiting for the Turn of the Tide

Grouse at the Drinking-Pool
The Frozen Spring
Flushed
First over the Hedge

Straight for the Guns
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OF advanced design, this handsome house provides ideal growing conditions—note the large panes which admit abundant light, and the full-length ventilators; a special ridge vent provides permanent ventilation without draught—important consideration. Size 10ft. or 20ft. by 8ft. wide. Prices from £13.10s. Smaller designs from £4.19.6 All described in Catalogue 638. Please write for a copy

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THE OPERA BALL OPENS VIENNA'S CARNIVAL SEASON

It is a tradition dating from the days when the Austrian Empire was at its zenith that the Viennese Carnival Season should open with an Opera Ball of supreme brilliance. On January 16 the magnificent building of the State Opera House once again staged a super-distinguished gathering, made up of all the prominent personalities in Vienna's diplomatic, political, social and artistic worlds. H.E. Sir Walford Selby, British Ambassador to Austria, was present with Lady Selby, and watched appreciatively from their box when members of the State Opera Ballet took the floor. Sir Walford has been *en poste* in Vienna since 1933. He was previously private secretary to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs



THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR AND LADY SELBY

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 180

roads of the future at the Savoy and I found much in his remarks with which I was in strong agreement. The concrete surface gives good adhesion in all weathers and can be made, according to Major Smith, in a way in which it will compete to some extent with a silver frost. It is also well suited to the construction of fly-over junctions. But most interesting of Major Smith's suggestions was the one dealing with traffic congestion in London. He proposed omnibus stations at important centres and argued that they would in the long run be less expensive than street widening. My own belief is that there are far too many omnibuses and taxi-cabs in London. Yet whenever I give voice to this belief in public I receive stormy letters accusing me of trying to interfere with the "poor man's" transport. That is nonsense.

Private car transport is the thing to aim for, not public transport. Public transport should be looked upon as a temporary expedient to tide over the time until the general level of income rises high enough to allow the ownership of a motor car to be within the reach of everyone.

* * *

Playing the Game.

Sir Philip Game has made a really useful move in his decision to put members of the mobile police through special driving training courses in order that they may be able to distinguish quickly and accurately what is careless and dangerous driving. These are, to some extent, matters of opinion, and the opinion that matters is the one emanating from a really experienced and skilful driver. Consequently, I wish the new super-trained mobile police well. They have it in their power to do much good and to reduce accidents.

Air Eddies—continued from p. 182

more recent developments. These lectures to children have been brilliantly conceived and brilliantly given, and Professor Hill has more than once used them to offer stimulating hints about possible future developments to aviation at large.

* * *

Royal Aeronautical Society.

A conversazione was held by the Royal Aeronautical Society in the Science Museum, South Kensington, a short time ago. At it two interesting films were shown, one giving the work done in the Farnborough wind tunnels and the other showing the wing action of gulls, pigeons and humming birds. The films were fascinating, especially the one which showed the Humming Bird hovering by doing with its wings exactly what a thin man does with the palms of his hands when he is floating in fresh water; but many of the guests were drawn most urgently to the remarkably interesting display of model aeroplanes. This display epitomises aeronautical development from the early days and is a potent reviver of memories.

Among the models were the Bleriot, the Moranes, the Camels, the Triplanes, the F.E.s, the Dolphins, the Pups, the Salamanders, the S.E.s and the D.H.s of earlier days. The display has been brought up to date by the addition of the Douglas commercial aeroplane and the Comet which won the Australia race. Judging from the lines of cars, which stretched for a good part of Exhibition Road on both sides, and from the crowds at the film and television demonstrations, the Society must have entertained a very large number of guests.

This is hardly to be wondered at when air-interest increases daily. Twenty years hence any child will know more than we do now.



ONE OF THE SEASON'S NEW MODELS:
THE 1937 ROVER 16 H.P. SALOON

The Rover 16 h.p. six-cylinder saloon is a notable example of the medium-powered car. The graceful lines of the body achieve comfort without bulkiness and the chassis is capable of high speeds without "fuss." At £355 it is not expensive



DAD!

**SMITH MINOR'S
GOT A RILEY!**

Well, you know what I mean—his old man's bought one and the cheeky blighter goes swanking all round the school, that is, Smithy does. Lots of fellows hang round his neck so they can scrounge a ride next time old Smith turns up. 'Course I shouldn't mind a lift myself, but just because Riley's won the T.T. once or twice doesn't mean to say Smithy could win it, does it? . . . Oh, well, dad, I know our old iron goes all right. I was just sort of telling you. Er—Mother says you thought a new car . . . well, no, she didn't exactly tell me to say anything to you . . . well, not about Smith's Riley . . . I just thought . . . Oh, Dad, will you REALLY!

RILEY CARS

Models:
9 h.p. (Tax £6 15 0) from £275
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Every Riley has Pre-selectagear for easy gear change, an automatic clutch, the Lever-free front, inter-axle seating, Dunlop tyres, Triplex glass all round. Catalogue from Riley (Coventry) Ltd., Coventry.



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MAKE
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"SPECIAL RESERVE"
and "FIVE STAR"
VERY OLD LIQUEUR



CRAWFORD'S

LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

... one of the Good things of Life!

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 169

family. According to a newspaper cutting sent me by another old crony, "Ananias" Smith, Northmore brought off a record for the Calcutta meetings by winning the King Emperor's and the Viceroy's Cups with the same horse Mas d'Antibes, and the Bhopal colours were also successful with Cardinal in the Hilliard Plate and the Kashmir Cup and Cotys in the Cooch Behar Cup. Mas d'Antibes, Zuyder Zee, Cotys, and Cardinal have all been entered for the Eclipse Stakes at Bombay on January 30, and I am assured it will be no surprise at all if Mas d'Antibes (who was beaten last year in the same race by Play On) adds this prize to his successes in India.

I understand that some members of the sporting house of Bhopal are certain to come to England this year for the Coronation, and there is some talk of a polo team, but about this the Niagara of information thrown down upon me is not quite definite. "Ananias," always a watchful person, says that one of the local papers placed the Bhopal stable jockey, Munro, on two different horses in the same race. "Ananias" adds: "Probably a mistake, because the rules only allow a jockey to ride *one* horse in *any* race." That, of course, is common form! Go up top, however, for a nice point deftly taken!

A play, *Night Sky*, which did not hit the public taste and was on at the Savoy, and was written by someone who is not only a good craftsman at his own job, but also saw something of the thing about which he writes, fighting in the air, was heavily stamped upon by various critics, and described as nonsense. Its author was Mr. L. du Garde Peach, and his play endeavoured to place before us what might happen if we were attacked without much warning by a Power which is four times



Debenham & Gould

WING-COMMANDER E. G. OAKLEY-BEUTTLER

The famous artist who depicts things as they almost are in the Navy and Air Service with such amazing deftness. Wing-Commander Oakley-Beuttler, whose intensely amusing work is so familiar to readers of this paper, has several pictures in the R.A.F. Artists' Association Exhibition which opened at the Building Centre Galleries, New Bond Street, on January 25. It will remain open till February 8, and people will be foolish to miss it

our aerial strength. Why describe it as nonsense? It is surely common ground that every air attack can get through at a price? Supposing we were attacked by a Power only double our air strength and it cost him 50 per cent. in casualties to obliterate our air power, would not that be still a very good bet from his point of view? Aircraft may not be able to settle the result of the shooting match with absolute finality, but, supposing we take it that it is capable of clipping the other fellow's wings so severely that he cannot fly and has his aircraft factories so damaged that they are not of any further use for a very long time, might not that set the attacker on the road to victory, taking into further consideration the very important part which the air arm plays as the eyes of an army and navy? The only improbable thing about Mr. du Garde Peach's play was the happy ending which he devised. It must be accepted that success is obtainable at a price. You can get the other side of any fence with a fall. All falls are not fatal. An attacker two to one stronger than his adversary is held to be on a winner in ground warfare. The same may be true where air attack is concerned. We do not know for certain, because the Great War was not fought out to a finish and the question was left—in the air. The Abyssinian war told us something we knew already, namely, that an army with a powerful and well-handled air force must play the cat and banjo with one that has no air power worth mentioning. The unpleasant Kilkenny cat-fight in Spain helps us very little, because the air power on neither side is preponderant. All that Mr. du Garde Peach tried to do was to paint a picture of what might and would happen if A. were attacked by B., who is four times his own strength. That was the author's main objective. He might have left out the trimmings, but why tell him he wrote a lot of nonsense on the main issue when we have no proof at all that he did?

From the Shires and Provinces—cont. from p. 146

twisty hunt from Askham Whin, by Bilbrough, back again, round and round the Strips, etc., followed by a still longer one from Askham Bogs by Kennel Wood, Askham Bryan, Askham Park, Bilbrough, Catterton and Oxtun—a six-mile point, over ten as we ran, and giving up at four o'clock; quite enough for anybody's horse.

Saturday saw the Southerners at Newburgh Priory, where the field, such as it was, were made welcome by Malcolm and his aunt. Pouring rain at first, but it soon cleared off. (Incidentally, we always meet at Newburgh "by permission," as it's supposed to be in Middleton territory—actually, we rather think the boundary runs somewhere through the garden). The morning was disappointing, but the afternoon provided a capital fast forty minutes' hunt, hounds having to be stopped at dusk. The North pack started all right from Lower Dunsforth on Monday (18th) and had a short hunt; but just before one o'clock it came on to rain good and proper. Several gallant people stuck it out for the afternoon hunt, but were so wet they couldn't well have been wetter. A big crowd out at Sessay when the South met there on Tuesday, January 19. Not a great scent, but on the go all the time; some fields very flooded, and a certain number of tosses both male and female.

From the Fernie

The cross-roads at Wiston on Monday witnessed a good muster of the regulars and visitors. Peaker, out again, gave us some brilliant sport, hounds running the best. Having hunted a fox from Wiston covert for fifty minutes around the Kilby area, they killed him in the poultry pens of the village. Next from Foston spinney another run in two large rings over varied country with some yawning hazards ended by hounds rolling their fox over in the open near to Countesthorpe. A thrilling hunt. Yet another good thing from John Ball late on filled our book, and enough for any two horses. Charlie was in great form, the breeze from the north enlivening the field and banishing all thoughts of 'flu. At the general Hunt meeting on Tuesday, Sir Julien Cahn was unanimously appointed Master for next season. Bright sunshine attended us at Church Langton on Thursday, when all three joint Masters were present. The jog along to Sheephorns gave time to settle the horses and discuss passing events. A craven fox paid the penalty in Sheephorns covert, after which a sharp

scurry from Shangton Holt to ground at Tur Langton ended the day. All sympathy to Colonel Sanders, whose old favourite hunter succumbed to heart failure during this gallop. Still basking in sunshine, some pleasant hunting around the Noseley woodlands kept the field going, but scent was not sufficient to claim a well-deserved victim who had travelled over the hilliest parts of High Leicestershire to make his escape in Noseley Laurels.

From the Cheshire

A poor week to write up. Sudden frost "did-in" Friday, and Monday it snowed, leaving Combermere and the adjoining country with just enough snow to stop us. To-day (Saturday) from Tiverton was, I am told, fun, also in parts not unfunny. "Angie," having been "decanted" and then jumped on by a youth, is reported to have held on to her new acquaintance's horse as well as her own and to have marked his card to such effect that what he did not learn in those few seconds about himself this world and the next one to which, she considered, he would most assuredly go, simply would not be "knowledge."

On Sunday Ralph's party put new life into old bodies and produced a new one on some of us. One has heard slightly drop-chested people described as "Renault bonnetted," but Mr. Keys advised our friend Jacky to start growing ivy up his "verandah," which, really, was rather neat without being gaudy.

From Lincolnshire

Although Friday, January 15, was about the worst scenting day this season, following a rime frost, the Belvoir managed to kill a brace of foxes after their meet at Quarrington, and all but got hold of another which fled down the village street from Mr. Ward's earth. Hemmed in on every side by a frenzied crowd, "Charles" cleared, at one bound, a seven-foot stone wall with the dappled darlings sniffing at his brush. It was an extremely dangerous situation and a very close shave!

The Southwold Children's meet at West Ashby proved a great day for the Pony Club members. The young entry rode well to hounds, especially Tiny Tim on the shag, and most of them were well up when hounds killed after an exciting forty minutes.

A piece of news from the Blankney country, which everybody will regret, is that Jim Welch—the popular huntsman—is leaving at the end of the season to join the Woodland Pytchley. We all wish him the best of luck in his new post

CAPSTAN SHANTIES X

When the ship is fighting to round the Horn —

(*With a heave-ho, farewell to Rio*).

When the first mate's stepped on the Skipper's corn —

(*With a heave-ho in the morning*).

When the crew's fed-up with the bosun's jokes,

And the grub's all wet, and the men are wetter,

Better not offer them shoddy smokes —

Better buy Capstan—they're blended better.

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W. D. & H. O. Wills Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. C.C.549.

LADIES' KENNEL

One hears so often of distemper being caught at Shows. I sometimes wonder if the Show is always responsible. There is no doubt that village people are careless about their dogs; some do not know, a few do not care. A dog that is sickening for distemper runs about as long as it can stand, spreading it as it goes. Even if eventually shut up and taken care of, no attempt is made at disinfection. In connection with this, I am sure Miss Ashton Cross will not mind my mentioning that she told me that they always show puppies at Shows and have never had a case of distemper. The puppies are never put on the ground and no one is allowed to handle them. The whole thing is rather a problem. Dogs must be walked for exercise, and no one can be sure that a public road is free of the distemper germ. All one can do is to hope for the best

The picture of Mrs. Hervey Bathurst's Gordon Setters will appeal to anyone who knows the charm of a highland moor. It is a perfectly natural photograph taken on the moor, where the dogs are working. Mrs. Bathurst's Gordons have a long and honourable history, as they are the descendants of those owned by her father, Mr. Baxendale, when he had Clebrick. The Gordon is unfortunately not as often seen in this country as he should be; he is a strong, robust dog, and an untiring worker. He is in much demand abroad and Mrs. Bathurst has exported many. All the dogs are trained by Major Hervey Bathurst



GORDON SETTERS

The property of Mrs. Hervey Bathurst



PIXIE OF ALDERMOOR

The property of Mrs. Darling

ASSOCIATION NOTES

There are also Golden Retrievers and Springers, all genuine workers. Some of them are sometimes for sale. Mrs. Bathurst, in addition, owns a well-known kennel of Cairns and has bred many winners.

The Pekinese remains the best known of all the smaller companion dogs. This is not only by reason of his appearance, which is lovely, but of his character, which with its blend of dignity and defiance is unique among dogs. There is nothing plebeian about a Pekinese! He is also extremely hardy and long-lived; so no wonder with all these attributes he is so sought after. Mrs. Darling has a comparatively small kennel, but has done extremely well. She gives all her dogs individual attention, and as they live in the heart of the New Forest, the surroundings are as healthy as possible. The photograph is of Pixie of Aldermoor, golden red, bred by Mrs. Darling. Pixie is a prize-winner. Mrs. Darling has a sleeve bitch, aged 8 months, weight 4 lbs., deep red with a black face, for sale; she would make a lovely pet as she has a charming disposition. There are also a few puppies for sale to really good homes.

The Sealyham is one of the most popular of companion dogs. With him it really was a case of "I came, I saw (or was seen), I conquered," as he only made his first appearance quite a short time before the War. Now he is all over the place. His rather rugged appearance and short legs are attractive. The Misses Verrall's kennel of Sealyhams is well known to us. They have done very well on the bench. There are usually puppies and young dogs for sale.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



SEALYHAM PUPPIES

The property of the Misses Verrall

NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, plead for gifts to make life easier for a household of four women who live in a Suffolk village. The old mother, aged 82, is permanently ill with diabetes; she is looked after by one of her daughters, a trained nurse who has given up her work to be with the invalid. There is also an elder daughter of 64 who cannot earn as she is deaf and dumb, whilst the youngest member of the family (who is herself over 60) works in the village shop. The total income of the family is £1 15s. weekly, i.e., the mother's Old Age pension, an allowance for the deaf and dumb sister, and the small salary of the breadwinner. Their rent comes to 12s. weekly. As can be imagined, these poor women have a terrible struggle, especially during the winter months, and the Friends of the Poor are very anxious to alleviate their sufferings. £8 needed

A copy of the 43rd annual edition, that for 1937, of the Union Castle Mail Steamship Company's "South and East African Year Book and Guide" will be a welcome addition to any voyager's library for it has been most carefully brought up to date and comprises over 3,500 amendments of the matter and figures published in 1936.

The new copyright atlas by Messrs. Bartholomew and Sons, which appears in this edition, has been thoroughly revised and may confidently claim to represent the high-water mark of British map-making; many of the maps have been specially drawn for this book and are not procurable elsewhere.

The price of the book is 2s. 6d. (3s. post free in the United Kingdom, 3s. 3d. elsewhere), which is far less than the cost of other guide books of a similar kind, and we think there is no exaggeration in stating, in view of its comprehensive nature, that nobody whose interests or occupation calls for detailed and reliable information on South or East Africa can afford to be without a copy of the latest edition

At the Streatham Hill Theatre this week the entire Strand Theatre production of "Aren't Men Beasts!" is being presented, with Robertson Hare, Alfred Drayton and John Mills in their original parts.

Commencing February 1, Jack Waller is presenting, prior to production at the Hippodrome, Bobby Howes, in a new musical show, "Big Business," the cast to include Vera Pearce, Wylie Watson, Enid Dixon-Orr and David Burns, with Jack Waller's famous Hippodrome Chorus.

This week, at the Victoria Palace, Kurt Robitschek has put on a new laughter show, "All Fun and Folly," the highlights of which will be Bobé Daniels and her husband, Ben Lyon. O'Donnell and Blair (the plasterers) will make their first appearance in England—their comedy act is described as America's wildest riot of laughter—and Nellie Wallace, the great English comédienne, will be another outstanding attraction, and several other excellent variety acts.

A course of six lectures on "The United States of America as a Colonial Power" will be given at the New Buildings of the University of London by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt (late Governor-General of the Philippine Islands and formerly Governor of Puerto Rico), at 5.30, on the 28th January, and on February 2, 4, 9 and 11. The lectures are addressed to students of the University and others interested in the subject. Admission is free.

A three-act play based on "Wuthering Heights" is to be presented by the 1930 Players at the Strand on Sunday evening, February 7, and Monday afternoon, February 8. It is written by the Hon. Mary Pakington and Miss Olive Walter, both of whom have been associated for some years with the Greater London Players—a professional company presenting West End successes at popular prices in the outer suburbs. Miss Pakington is a sister of Lord Hampton and of Humphrey Pakington, the well-known authority on architecture. She has written many successful one-act plays.

February 14 will mark the tenth anniversary of the reintroduction by the late managing director of Raphael Tuck & Sons, Sir Adolph Tuck, of the Valentine card. This custom has now firmly established itself, through the careful application of modern taste to the original idea of the Valentine; and the famous firm has sent out some specimen cards which convey an idea of some of the styles which are meeting with popular favour in these ultra-modern times. The Valentine is most emphatically not dead.



JIMMY SAVO—THE GREAT COMEDIAN

Jimmy Savo, who has been described as one of the world's greatest comedians and has certainly merited the description, commenced a four weeks season at the Café de Paris on the 18th and was an instantaneous success. He has a big reputation on the stage and the screen in the United States

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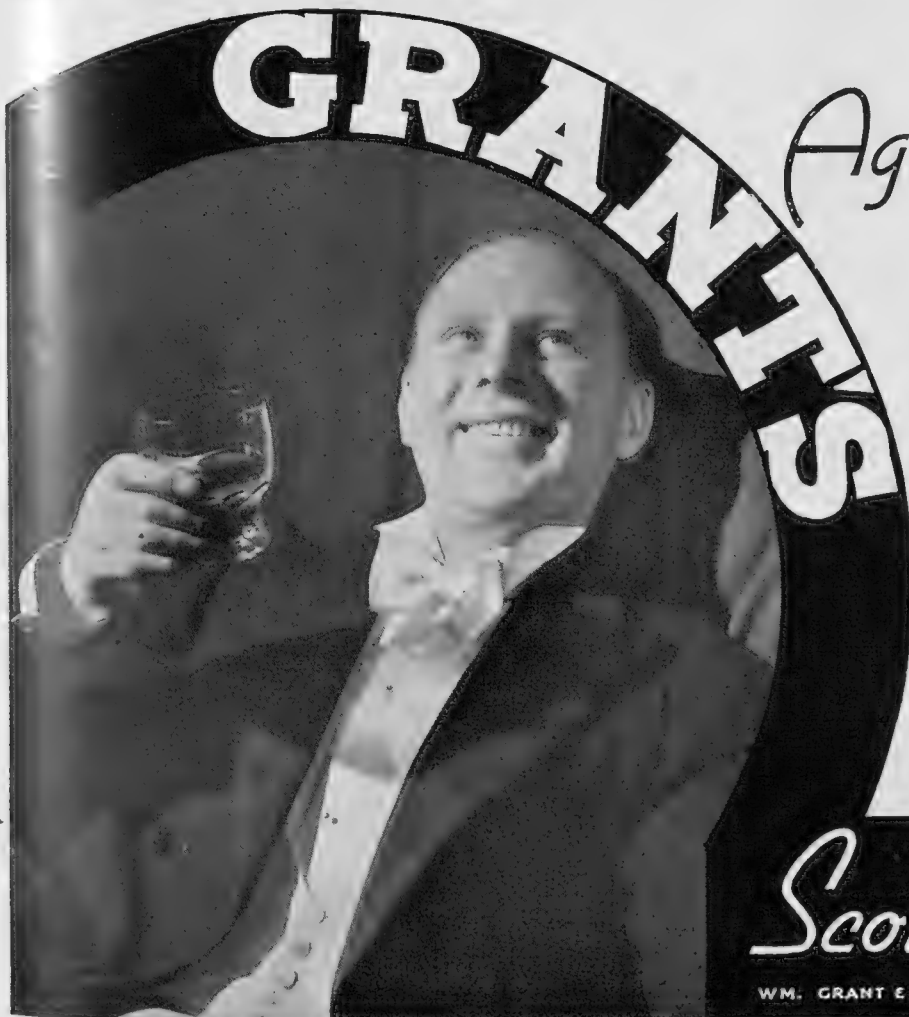
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MRS. B. MACARTNEY-FILGATE

Whose marriage took place on January 21 to Mr. Brian Macartney-Filgate, the only son of the late Mr. Clement Macartney-Filgate and of Mrs. Macartney-Filgate, late of Stedalt, County Meath, Ireland. She was formerly Miss Ethel Liddell, and is the elder daughter of the late Lt.-Col. John Sinclair Liddell, of Ashford Court, Ludlow, Shropshire, and Mrs. Ernest George Macdonald Porcelli, of 36, Hill Street, Berkeley Square

son of the Ven. W. Welchman, Archdeacon of Bristol, and the late Mrs. Elizabeth Marshall Welchman, is marrying Miss Katharine Hodgson, the only child of the late Captain Francis Faith Hodgson, 84th Punjab Regiment, and Mrs. Francis Hodgson, of 35, Elsham Road, W., on March 20.

Recently Engaged.

Mr. Douglas Laird Busk, H.M. Diplomatic Service, the elder son of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. Laird Busk, of Westerham, Kent, and Miss Bridget Anne Moyra Hemsley Thompson, the elder daughter of Brig.-

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

In Madeira.

The marriage arranged between Mr. Ivo Charles Clayton Rigby, of Bathurst, Gambia, Colonial Legal Service, the only son of Mr. James Philip Clayton Rigby, late Malayan Civil Service, and Mrs. Corbett, of Scarborough Hill, North Walsham, Norfolk, and Miss Agnes Mary Bothway, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Bothway, of Wrenningham, Norfolk, will take place at the English Church, Funchal, Madeira, on February 18.

A March Wedding.

Mr. William Gordon Welchman, Fellow of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, the



May Wrightson

MISS LAURA HERBERT

The youngest daughter of the late Hon. Aubrey Herbert and the Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Herbert, of Pixton Park, Dulverton, Somerset, who is engaged to Mr. Evelyn Waugh, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Waugh

General W. G. Hemsley Thompson, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Hemsley Thompson, of Warminster, Wilts; Commander E. C. Bindloss, R.N. (Retd.), the son of Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Bindloss, of The Old House, Harrow-on-the-Hill, and Miss Violet Adye, the daughter of Brig.-General and Mrs. D. R. Adye, of Fitzwater House, Colchester; Captain Charles Douglas Packard, Royal Artillery, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Packard, of Copdock, near Ipswich, and Miss Marion Lochhead, the eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. James Lochhead, of The Haven, Gibraltar; Mr. Ralph Michael Lanyon Westropp, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Dudley Westropp, of 10, St. James's Terrace, Clonskeagh, Dublin, and Miss Rachel Marjorie Cropper, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Cropper, of Ellergreen, Kendal; Mr. John D. Aitken, The High Range, Travancore, S. India, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Aitken, of Bournemouth, and Miss Mollie Dixon, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Dixon, of Gerrard's Cross, and formerly of Travancore; Mr. Gilbert Bernard Rahr, of Great Napchester, Dover, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Rahr, and Miss Susan Murray Jones, the younger daughter of Surgeon-Captain Murray Jones, Royal Navy (retd.), and Mrs. Murray Jones, of Wye, Kent.



May Wrightson

MISS JAN RICARDO

Who is to marry Captain Ian Constable Maxwell, the eldest son of the Hon. Bernard and the Hon. Mrs. Constable Maxwell, of Farlie House, Bealy, N.B., is the eldest daughter of Lt.-Col. Wilfrid Ricardo, D.S.O., and Mrs. Ricardo, of 1, Montagu Square, W., and Hook Hall, Surrey

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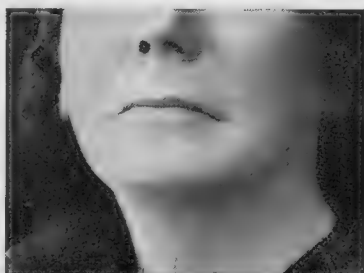
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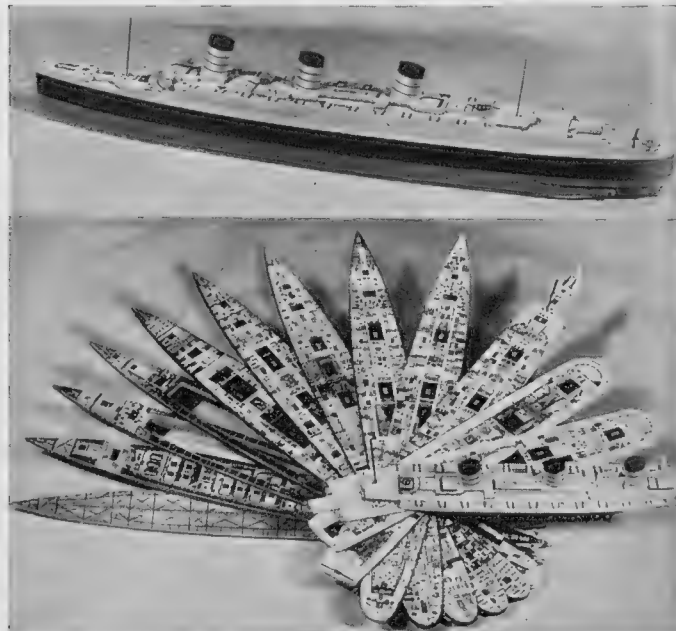
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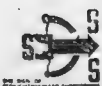
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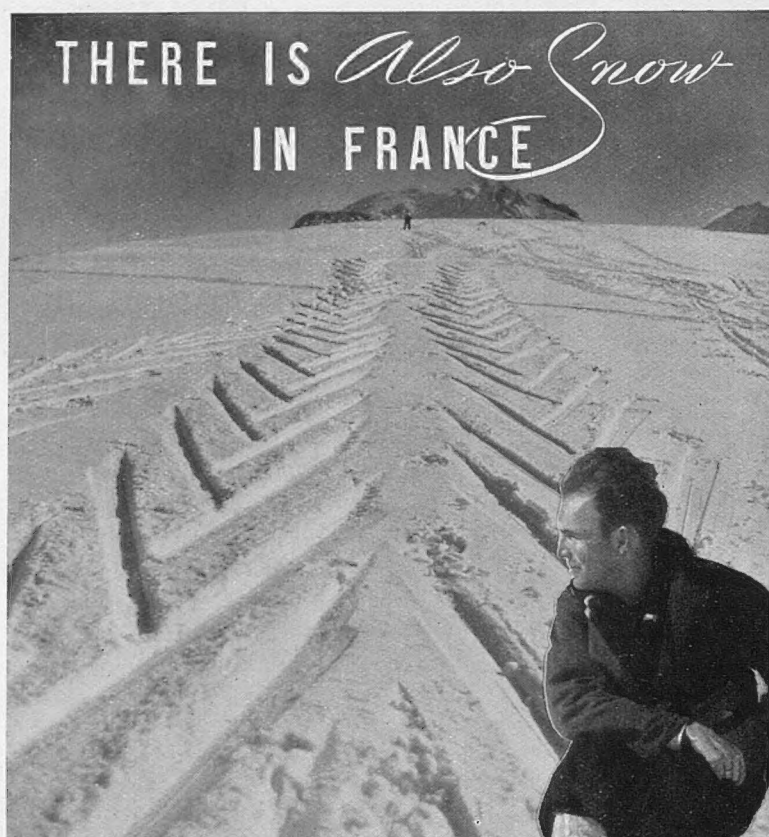
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LIABILITIES		£
Paid-up Capital	...	14,248,012
Reserve Fund	...	11,500,000
Current, Deposit and other Accounts	...	488,364,201
Acceptances and Confirmed Credits...	...	11,054,418
Engagements	...	7,545,855
ASSETS		
Coin, Bank Notes & Balances with Bank of England	52,941,374	
Balances with, and Cheques on other Banks	22,092,096	
Money at Call and Short Notice	28,687,886	
Investments at or under Market Value	127,892,039	
Bills Discounted	21,791,113	
British Treasury Bills	52,622,885	
Advances to Customers and other Accounts	189,516,488	
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits and Engagements	18,600,273	
Bank Premises at Head Office and Branches	8,891,253	
Other Properties and work in progress for extension of the business	994,343	
Shares in Yorkshire Penny Bank Ltd.	937,500	
Capital, Reserve and Undivided Profits of		
Belfast Banking Co. Ltd.	1,714,989	
The Clydesdale Bank Ltd.	3,104,923	
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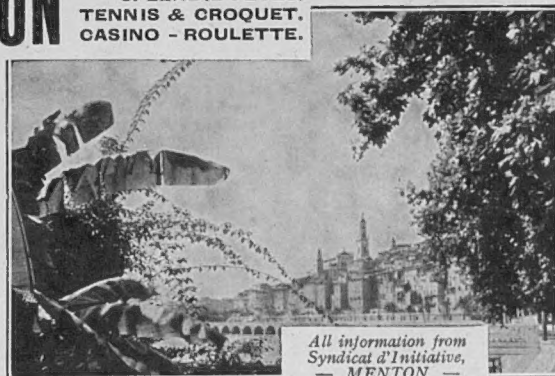
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